

The Sketch

No. 482.—VOL. XXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS QUEEN KATHERINE IN "KING HENRY VIII": THE VISION.

MISS TERRY TO-NIGHT MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND (SINCE HER RETURN FROM AMERICA) AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON. THE OCCASION IS ALSO NOTABLE FOR THE REASONS THAT THIS IS ELLEN TERRY'S DÉBUT AT STRATFORD, THAT "KING HENRY VIII." HAS NOT BEEN PLAYED AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE BEFORE, AND THAT TO-DAY IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF SHAKSPERE'S BIRTH. AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS TERRY APPEARS ON PAGE 18, AND A PORTRAIT IN PRIVATE DRESS ON PAGE 19.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King's Birthdays—The Preparations for the Delhi Durbar—State Elephants—A Coronation Club.

THE King this year, and in future, is to have two official birthdays, a hot-weather birthday and a cold-weather one. On Nov. 9, the real anniversary of the day on which he was born, the King's birthday will be celebrated in India and all other tropical possessions of Great Britain, and it is, so far as Calcutta is concerned, sure to be the date on which the festivities of the cold-weather season will begin. It is very hot by the Hughli in November, but Anglo-Indians always believe that the thermometer is going to fall rapidly some weeks before it really drops to any appreciable extent, and they make excuses for the warmth of the month to globe-trotters, assuring them that the heat is quite unusual for the time of year. The King's English birthday is to fall at the close of May, and will supply the holiday which was always kept in all garrisons on Queen Victoria's birthday. This year it will prolong the Whitsuntide holidays pleasantly. There has always been a merry-making day connected with Royalty at the end of May, for the day of the Restoration of Charles II., on the 29th, used to be kept with due ceremony, until it went the way of Guy Faux Day and other out-of-date feasts.

Lord Curzon is probably at this time the man whose name the German Emperor would write in a confession-book opposite the query, "If not yourself, who would you be?" for he is planning the most glorious pageant the world will ever have seen, and the Kaiser, as the *métteur en scène par excellence* of the rulers of the earth, must envy the Viceroy of India his great opportunity. Lord Curzon has the reputation in India of upholding to the utmost the dignity of the office of Viceroy, and this winter's assemblage at Delhi—when the King, in full Durbar, is to be declared Emperor of India by the Viceroy—will surpass in gorgeousness and impressiveness that wonderful gathering when Queen Victoria became Kaiser-i-Hind. The borders of India have spread wide since Lord Lytton sat on the gilded Chair of State, and Upper Burmah and a dozen smaller States have been lapped round by the red rim on the map since the silver trumpets last sounded by the City of the Moguls. Delhi stands on a great plain, studded here and there by ruins of older cities still, and there is unlimited space round it for camping-grounds. If ten or fifteen square miles are insufficient, twenty will be available without disturbing any inhabitants except the snakes and birds and monkeys which live in the old tombs.

There is to be a show of jewels and elephants at this Durbar such as the world has never seen before. It may seem curious to couple together gems and the great beasts of burden, but the people of India count a Maharajah's wealth by the precious stones he has stored in his Toshi Khana and by the number of elephants he can put into a State procession. Many of the biggest gems and the most celebrated necklaces in the world are now in India. One of the finest diamond necklaces that the Empress Eugénie used to wear is possessed now by a Sikh Maharajah, and there are a dozen other strings of precious stones which Indian Princes now wear with a European history attached to them. It will be interesting to see whether Lord Curzon will revive the old glories of the Governor-General's elephant procession. There used to be lines at Barrackpore, a station on the Hughli, for the State elephants, and, when the Governor-General went on his State progress, he swung along the road on a great tusker, and entered the cities riding in a worked silver howdah, with his train of following elephants all with painted foreheads, trappings of silver and gold and gay stuffs, and howdahs shining with the precious metals. The railways destroyed the glory of the elephant procession, and the saloon took the place of the howdah. The State elephants died or were given over to the Commissariat or to the Artillery to drag the great guns, and now the most glorious of the howdahs and the ivory of the finest tusker of all the train of mammoths past and gone stand in the hall of the Viceregal Lodge at Simla. I should fancy that Lord Curzon will be likely to revive old glories and to call up from Bengal and Burmah some of the finest elephants that the Government possesses, in order that the "Lat Sahib" shall not be outshone by any of the tributary chiefs.

A Club for the men of the Colonial contingents sent to England to take part in the Coronation pageants is to be established in some central position in London—Dover Street, most probably—and the men will find there reading- and writing-rooms and a dining-hall. There is to be no entrance-fee or subscription, and the troopers are to be made thoroughly at home, a few bedrooms being kept ready for men who are on pass and unable to get back at night to the Alexandra Palace, where the Colonial troops are to be quartered. Londoners, knowing their city as they do, can scarcely understand the helplessness of a Colonial spending a long day in town. He has no Club, as a rule, to go to, and, when he is tired and thirsty and leg-weary, the only place that he knows of where he can sit down and rest and slake his thirst is one of the numerous bars and saloons that hold out attractions to him. The proposed Club will be a most valued resting-place for our friends from "down under" and Canada; the funds to establish it are to be partly found from a Government grant, and there should be no difficulty in obtaining from Clubmen by subscription any additional sum needed to give our guests every comfort in their Club.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Man and the Budget—Taxes We Do Not Feel—A Cheque for Eighteenpence—Nelson's Column and the Tubes—The Great Cup-Tie—Southampton's Fine Closing Effort—The Doings of the Two Teams—The Final on Saturday Next.

"THE MAN IN THE STREET" is glad to hear from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the affairs of the nation have been prosperous during the past year, and I think that this coincides with the opinion of most of us. But it seems to me that, as so small an amount is to be raised by new taxation, the whole extra sum needed might just as well have been borrowed at once. The Chancellor is raising a loan of thirty-two millions, and I cannot see what difference it would have made if he had lumped the five millions which he proposes to raise by the new taxes and had borrowed thirty-seven millions while he was about it. Five millions is such a pitiful sum to a great nation like ourselves that it was not worth while to risk unpopularity and any dislocation of business to get so little.

The income-tax presses very hardly on men with small incomes, and there are a great many "Men in the Street" who earn just enough to come within the tax-collector's clutches to whom an extra penny means the loss of some part of their holiday. People with small fixed incomes do not feel another pound or so wrung from them by indirect taxation a quarter as much as having to pay out the whole sum at once; whatever the economists may say. For example, even if the registration duty on corn does raise the price of bread by a fraction, I do not suppose that it will make any appreciable difference to a single one of us.

As for the twopenny stamp on cheques, "The Man in the Street" will bear it with equanimity, and, if it stops the idiotic practice of sending out cheques for a few shillings, it will be welcome. On several occasions, I have been sent cheques for eighteenpence or half-a-crown from a firm which might just as well have paid me in coin or have sent me a postal-order. Even if "The Man in the Street" happens to have a small banking-account, he feels rather a fool when he has to pay in a cheque for eighteenpence to a clerk who is accustomed to dealing with thousands; while, if he attempts to change such a sum among his friends or at a shop, it is not pleasant to be laughed at openly and chaffed about his princely wealth.

Now that London is being perforated with tunnels and "Twopenny Tubes" under the greater part of its surface, we shall have to consider whether the safety of some of our big buildings will not be interfered with. The inhabitants of Notting Hill and the places near made a great fuss about the vibration of the "Tube" when it was first opened, and now the question arises, Will the new underground line which is to pass beneath Trafalgar Square interfere with the Nelson Column? Even apart from the sentiment of the thing, it would never do to run the risk of bringing down the column on the crowds who use the Square all day long.

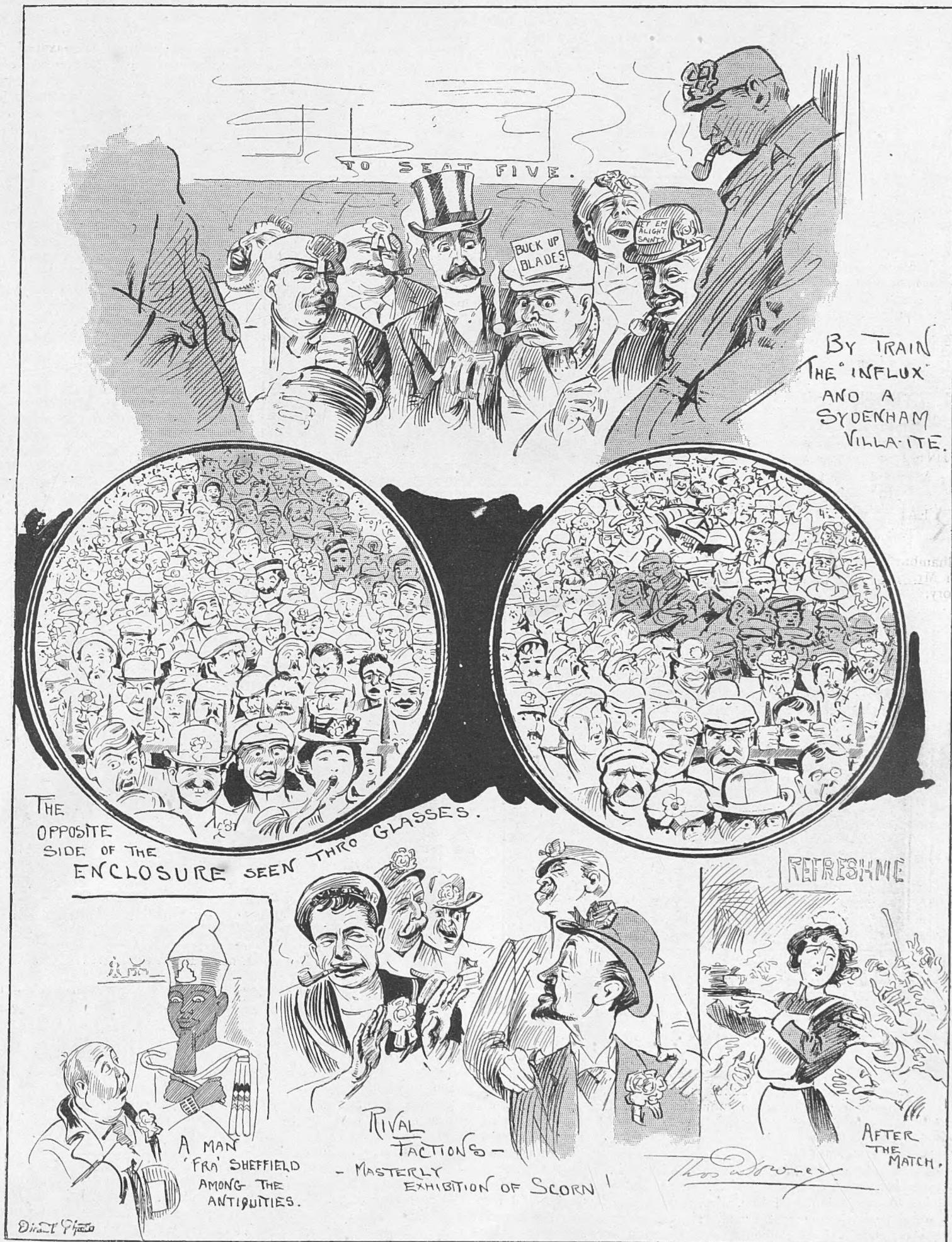
Though it ended in a draw, there was some splendid football in the great match between Southampton and Sheffield United at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, and none of us could complain that he did not get his money's-worth. At half-time there was nothing between the two teams, though both sides had some narrow escapes; but ten minutes after the interval Common shot a goal for Sheffield. Soon afterwards, Common was hurt and had to retire for a short time, but when he returned Sheffield pressed their opponents hard and narrowly missed scoring more than once. However, just before the end, Southampton played up splendidly. They showed in quite different form to that they had displayed since half-time, and at last, just a minute before time, Wood succeeded in shooting the goal.

This is the second year in succession that the final at the Crystal Palace has ended in a drawn game. Sheffield United won the Football Association Cup in 1898-9, and last year were in the final round. Southampton have never won the Cup, but in 1900 were in the final, and were beaten by Bury. They did not enter for the Cup Competition until 1895, whereas Sheffield United entered in 1889-90. Until quite the close of the game, it looked as if the Cup this year must go to the Sheffield men, who played well together and were outstaying their opponents. But the grand spurt of the Southampton men at the close quite altered the game and gave us the finest play of the afternoon. There had been a good many stoppages, owing to men being hurt, and, on the whole, both teams seemed too anxious to do themselves complete justice.

The tie will be played off at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, and, as Lord Kinnaird, the President of the Football Association, said, may the best team win! The play will probably be faster next Saturday than it was last and the attendance should be larger. There was a good crowd on Saturday, but not a record; and I may remind footballers that a repetition of the Ibrox disaster is not possible, as the seats at the Crystal Palace are on the slope of the ground round the old Lake, in which the match is now played. So next Saturday we may hope to see a bigger crowd than last year.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS DOWNEY.



THE FINAL TIE FOR THE ENGLISH CUP AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE LAST SATURDAY.

SOME OF THE ENTHUSIASTS.

"THE DEGENERATES," AT THE IMPERIAL.

"THE DEGENERATES," said one playgoer, has degenerated; but another maintained that it had not, because to have done so would have been an achievement of the impossible. Of course, this is extravagant. Mr. Grundy's play, which Mrs. Langtry has revived, is unworthy of the author and has aged swiftly, but might well be worse—it might contain no indications of its author's remarkable skill and of his wit. It does not constitute an agreeable entertainment, since there is not a convincing air of truth to atone for the ugliness. Taking the characters one by one, they may be not impossible; taking them as a group, they are as unsatisfactory as Mr. Hall Caine's efforts at depicting naughty revels in "The Christian." Probably the author knows as well as we do that his picture is not truthful enough to be even a caricature, and is laughing in his sleeve at the simplicity of those who treat his big joke seriously. And Mrs. Langtry also can afford to laugh, since—if report be true—she has made a great deal of money out of the piece, even if she has not increased her reputation as an actress. Certainly she is not the only member of the Company whose work deserves little praise—indeed, except of Mr. G. P. Hawtrey and Miss Dorothy Hammond it is difficult to speak agreeably. However, some of the dresses are amazing and presumably of interest to the ladies, and the piece is well mounted.

"IN JAPAN," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

READERS of *The Sketch* will not need to be told the plot of "In Japan," the new Alhambra ballet, for it is founded on Mr. S. L. Bensusan's charming story, "Dédé," that appeared in



MR. F. R. BENSON AS HAMLET BEFORE HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

Page (Mr. Fitzgerald).

Ford (Mr. Frank Rodney). Mrs. Page (Miss Dillon).



MR. AND MRS. F. R. BENSON IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

"Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's."

MR. F. R. BENSON AND COMPANY IN SOME OF THE SHAKSPERIAN PLAYS THAT THEY ARE NOW GIVING AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W. (See Page 18.)

our last issue. Of course, the ballet is not Japanese, in any critical sense of the term; it does no more than tell the latter part of "Dédé," in surroundings that suggest Japan and to the accompaniment of music that is always fresh, piquant, and attractive, and is at times reminiscent of the Orient. To the lover of ballet, the chief interest lies in the eloquent silence of pantomime, in the banishment of songs and choruses and dialogue. In Edith Slack the Alhambra has a capable, experienced mime, who, though she has modelled her style upon that of the great Cavallazzi Mapleson, thinks for herself and feels the full significance of every emotion she suggests. Her presentation of Torio is delightful; the one cause for regret lies in its brevity. Dédé is presented by Miss Rosie Deane, a new recruit to the ranks of the mimes, one who is surely destined to play big parts in days to come, when experience has come to the aid of a natural talent. Miss Nancy Houghton appears as the geisha Maiko, who helps Dédé

to escape from the "House of the Golden Heart" and wins pardon for her from Prince Korin when she and her lover are captured. I think the Alhambra Management has discovered a delightful dancer. Since the nights when Sylvia Grey charmed us at the Gaiety, I have never seen an English girl more graceful than Nancy Houghton or one who realised more completely the aim and end of stage-dancing. While she charms with her *pas-seul*, she contrives to keep the dramatic side of her work before the audience. Lytton Grey's Prince Korin is all our fancy painted him, and the subordinate parts are in strong hands, so that the story is told clearly from start to finish. Most of the dances are very effective, the masked and fan dances being particularly bright.

The scene is a very charming one—a Japanese street that might have come intact from the Far East. The grouping and management of the dances show Signor Carlo Coppi at his best, and the entire ballet goes with a swing that carries it all too quickly from start to finish. "In Japan" shows clearly enough that the Alhambra Management went to a class of work that suggests a sort of comic opera from choice rather than necessity; there is ample material in the Stock Company to maintain and develop the productions that made the Alhambra "the home of ballet."

The entertainment by the Premières' Club seemed to have a little of "the fault of the Dutch." Pailleron's one-act comedy, "L'Autre Motif," and Mr. Aldrich's one-act tragedy "Mercedes," form a bill of such small quantity that great quality was needed, and there was only mediocrity. "L'Autre Motif" requires a fascinating woman as well as brilliant actress for the part of the heroine, who has shoals of admirers *pour l'autre motif*, and only one true lover, and it is not surprising that the part was not fully realised. "Mercedes," the other piece, ought to have been too horrible for the stage. To

Page (Mr. Fitzgerald). Ford (Mr. Frank Rodney). Mrs. Page (Miss Dillon).



Falstaff (Mr. G. R. Weir). Mrs. Ford (Mrs. F. R. Benson).

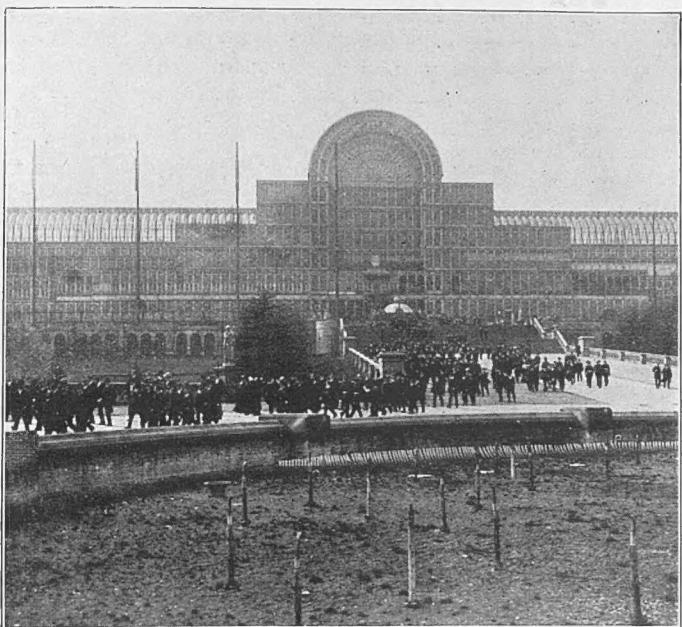
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

The discomfiture of Falstaff at Herne's Oak.

see a woman acquiesce in the murder of her child would be too great a torture for the nerves if the full horror were realised. But the author and actress were merciful—unintentionally merciful. There was some fair acting, notably by Miss Alice Denvil, but nothing very brilliant.

Should the Anti-Gambling League—not to mention the *Daily News*—require an effective "sermon" of the dramatic kind against gambling and cognate matters, they ought to charter several performances in each town and district of Mr. Sutton Vane's new melodrama, "The Betting-Book," which has just been produced at the huge Pavilion Theatre, the Mile End playhouse. "The Betting-Book" is indeed a powerful indictment of the all-absorbing wagering that seems nowadays inseparable from what Sporting Reporters delight to call "The Sport of Kings."

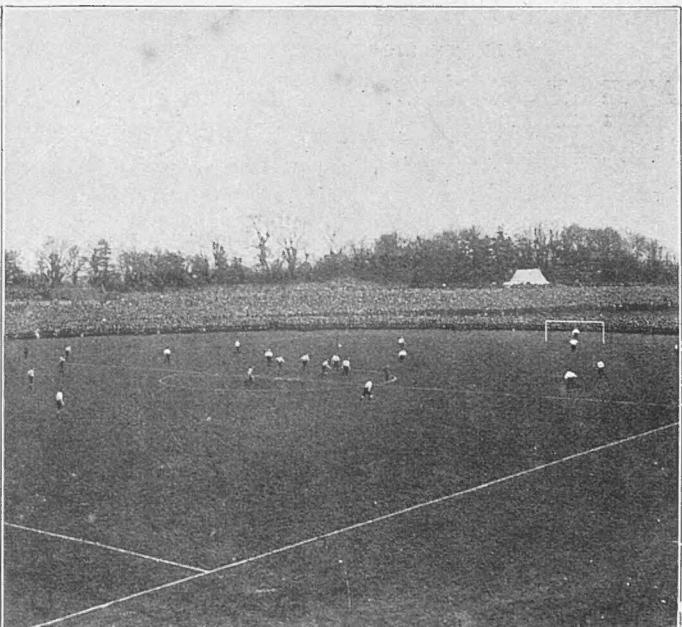
THE DRAWN MATCH FOR THE ENGLISH CUP
AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE LAST SATURDAY.



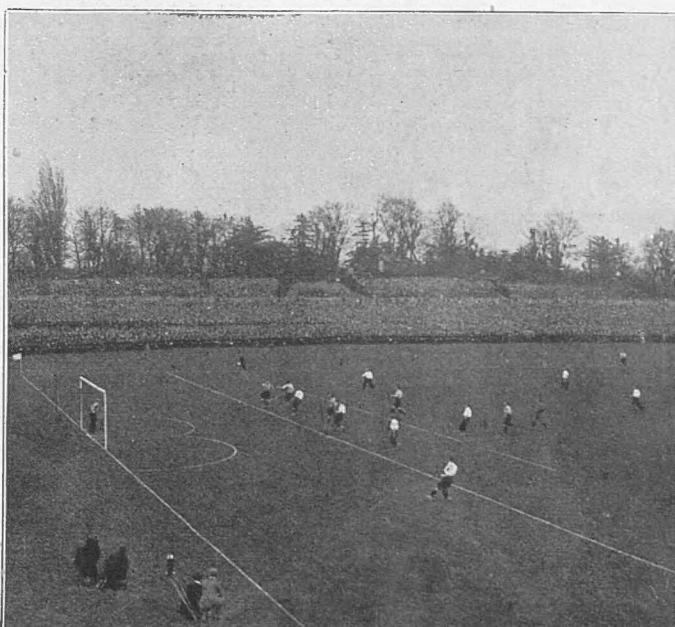
SPECTATORS ON THE WAY TO THE FOOTBALL GROUND



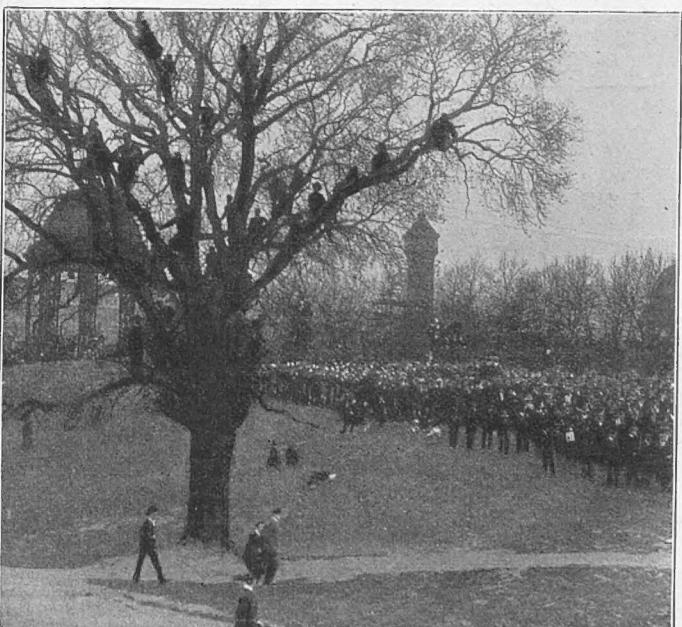
GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD



THE KICK-OFF.



AN EXCITING MOMENT.



ENTHUSIASTS IN TREES.



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THE SKETCH.

APRIL 23, 1902

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King as Horticulturist.

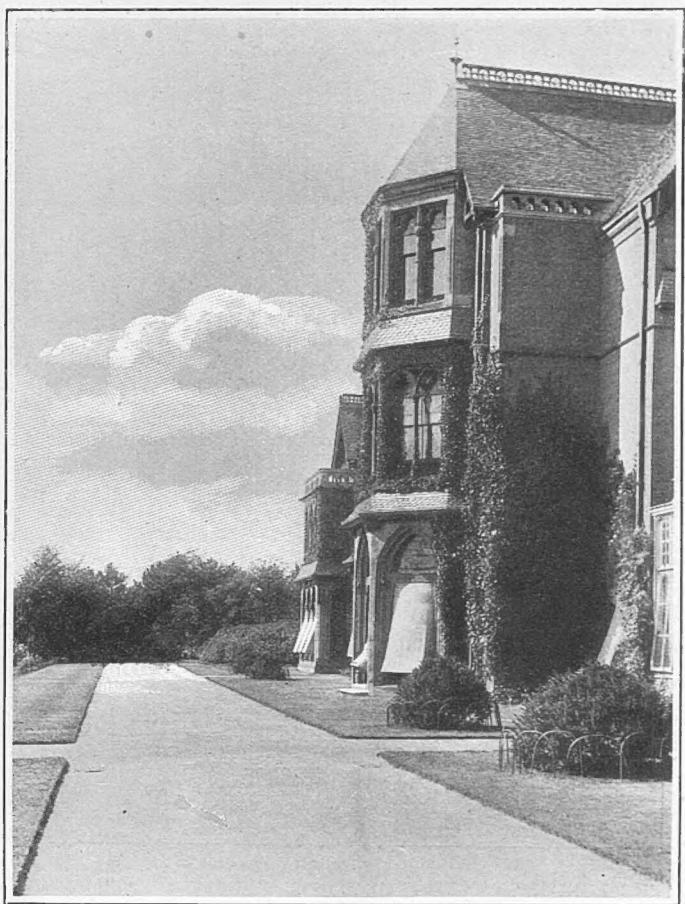
Few people are aware that His Majesty is very much interested in gardening and that the present interest taken in horticultural matters by the smart world has his warmest approval. From the days when, as a little boy, he had his own small garden-plot and his own set of gardening implements at Osborne, the King has been a lover of flowers and trees. Last week, His Majesty spent a long time in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, inspecting the various improvements which have been made there by his desire. Those Court officials who are familiar with the charming miniature park lying at the back of the old Palace will see several great improvements, notably in connection with the lake, from which the centre fountain has been removed, while the slopes round the edge of the lake have been embellished by the planting of several fine young trees. The late Duke of Teck, father of the Princess of Wales, was the chief amateur gardener in the Royal Family. His advice was eagerly sought by the King and Queen when they were laying out the grounds at Sandringham, and during the last years of his life he devoted much time and thought to beautifying the delightful gardens which are the chief charm of White Lodge.

Morning-Dress at the Coronation. The King, who in these matters always shows so much tact and good feeling, has commanded that those unfortunate Members of Parliament who are not possessed of Court-dress—in other words, who have never had occasion to attend a Levée—may appear at the Coronation in ordinary dress. It is to be hoped that only a few will avail themselves of the privilege, for, without a doubt, the historic and picturesque beauty of the scene will be somewhat injured by the presence of "the most unbecoming costume ever devised by man." Wonderful stories are being told of the beautiful gowns which are to be worn by the wives and daughters of the very members in question. Unlike the Peeresses, these ladies will not be required to be faithful to any one style of robe or gown. Accordingly, it is expected that each costume will be a sort of glorified Drawing-Room dress minus a train.

The King's Dinner. The arrangements concerning His Majesty's Coronation Banquet to the poor are being rapidly pushed forward. The Lord Mayor is taking the very keenest personal interest in the matter, and it is through him that the King has communicated several of his wishes and suggestions. Among the latter is the very wise one that no little child, say, under ten years of age, shall be included among the guests; but, by the Sovereign's personal desire, all those poor people in receipt of outdoor relief are to be numbered among the Coronation guests, for, as long as well-known bad characters are not included, His Majesty will be quite satisfied, and he further hopes that a real effort will be made to bring in to the banquet all those who are really needy, and not simply to provide them with food to be cooked and eaten at home.

The Forthcoming Courts. It is rumoured in official circles that the Lord Chamberlain has received twenty-five thousand applications from loyal ladies who desire to be presented to their Sovereigns during the Coronation Season! If this is indeed true, then it is clear that new and very stringent regulations

will have to be made concerning both the presentations and the presence of those who have already been presented at the evening Court functions which have now replaced the Victorian Drawing-Rooms. In old days, every lady, having once been presented, might



"Highbury," THE RESIDENCE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, OF THE
RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.: THE TERRACE.

Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

attend a Drawing-Room each Season, if such were her pleasure; also the number of presentations which might be made was practically unlimited, and it sometimes happened that a good-natured or popular hostess would be followed by quite a train of débutantes. There is a rumour that, not long before the late Sovereign's death, it was intended that no foreigner should henceforth be presented at a Drawing-Room,

save, of course, those belonging to the Diplomatic world or those ladies who had become English by marriage. This was said to be owing to the fact that an American paper, accidentally seen by Queen Victoria, had stated it to be a fact that no New York girl could count herself to be in really good Transatlantic Society unless she had been presented at the British Court! King Edward and Queen Alexandra are both so fond of Americans that it is very unlikely any drastic measure affecting them will be passed.

The Squire of Highbury. Mr. Chamberlain is never seen to greater advantage than when spending a few days of what may be termed busy leisure in his country home, "Highbury," which, though situated in a suburb of Birmingham, might be a hundred miles distant from a great city. It is an ideal country-house, spacious and comfortable, much noted for the easy hospitality in which the Colonial Secretary and Mrs. Chamberlain delight, and yet in no sense one of those great country mansions which cannot but be a source of worry and responsibility to their owners.

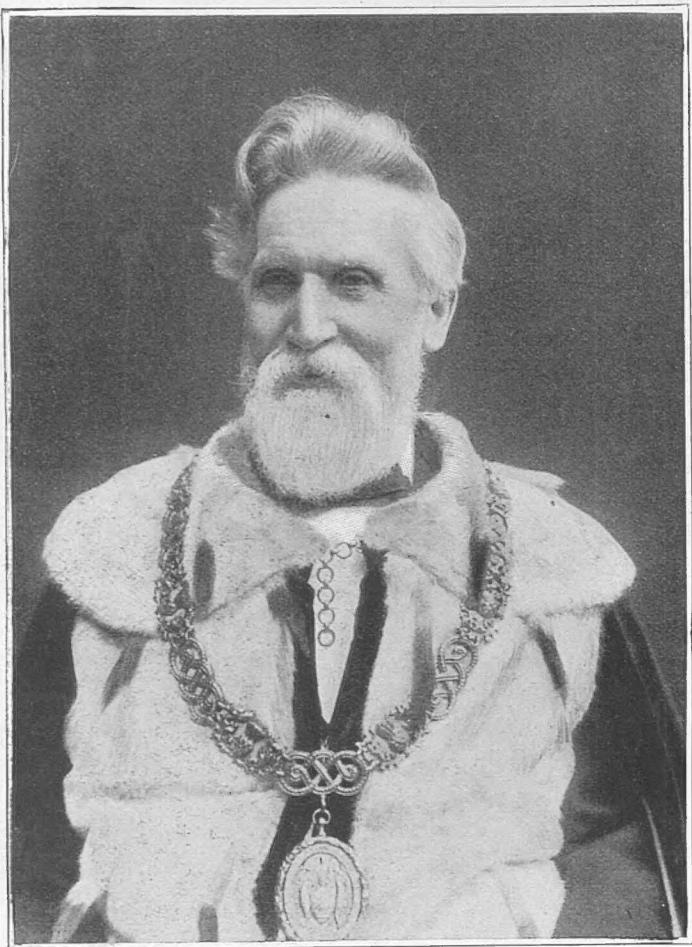
"Highbury's" Distinguished Host and Guests. Many distinguished folk have been entertained at Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham home, and an invitation to "Highbury" is much prized by the budding statesman, for Mr. Chamberlain is in some senses a very exclusive host. He is devoted to his home and to his home life, and exceedingly jealous of



"Highbury," THE RESIDENCE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.: THE LAWN.

Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

his privacy. It is very significant of the popular statesman that his old friends are ever warmly welcomed at "Highbury," and there, with some elderly crony who can remember his host as the hope of the local Radicals, Mr. Chamberlain will pace up and down the charming



THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW, UNBELOVED OF BARMAIDS.

Photograph by Langfier, London and Glasgow.

gardens which are the most notable feature of the estate. Perhaps owing to the fact that he is rarely seen without the now historic orchid in his buttonhole, there is a general impression abroad that he cares for no other blossoms. This is, however, a mistake, for Mr. Chamberlain is particularly devoted to roses, and the rosary at "Highbury" is a brilliant dream of beauty from June to October. But, not unnaturally, the orchid-houses interest those of his friends most who for the first time visit "Highbury." They are extremely fine and admirably kept, but, according to the true orchid-enthusiast, Mr. Chamberlain does not take sufficient interest in the rarer and more expensive varieties. He is as pleased with a beautiful orchid of the kind familiar to us all as he is with the strange and weird varieties which alone find favour in the orchid-maniac's sight.

*Unco Guid
Glasgow.*

That section of the English-speaking world interested in barmaids must cherish special feelings of resentment against the mild-looking

Scot who is now Lord Provost of Glasgow. As chief of the City's Magistrates, he is possessed of great powers, and, had he taken the part of "the Lady of the Bar," her fate would have been very different. Of course, there is another—the pious Bailie's—side to the question. American visitors to this country are much shocked to see women serving in bars, and such a word as "barmaid" no longer forms part of the great American language. The life is most exhausting, the hours overlong, but those who throw thousands of young and attractive women out of employment incur a terrible responsibility.

George Washington. In the most charming of sylvan country-places, at no great distance from our Metropolis, just an easy run from the Great Central Railway, is to be seen the ancestral home of the Washington family, still nestled midst the most rural surroundings, and a perfectly typical specimen of an old English manor; that is, the manor of Sulgrave, quaint still, untouched by ravagers—just as the Washingtons lived and walked about in the days ere George's ancestors crossed the Atlantic and settled in that colony which he transformed into a nation. The Washington family, we find, for

generations owned the manor of Sulgrave; in fact, it is stated that Queen Elizabeth stayed one night in this sequestered spot, and the house has still the cupboard where her august Majesty, in her happy mood, hid herself when playing hide-and-seek on that memorable occasion. The first originator of the Washingtons was one John Washington, of Warton, in Lancashire, who married the daughter of Robert Kitson and became the parent of Laurance Washington, who distinguished himself by being twice Mayor of Northampton. It was he who secured in 1539 the manor of Sulgrave.

Sulgrave Manor. For a hundred and twenty years the manor remained in that portion of the family. Laurance's son Robert became the inheritor, and, by mutual agreement, he and his grandson Laurance sold the estate to one Laurance Makepeace, of Lincoln's Inn, who, in reality, was nephew to Robert. But his son Abel, in the year 1559, thought well to dispose of it out of the Washington family, and did so. The two Washingtons, Robert and Laurance, having disposed of this manor, went to Brington, in Northamptonshire, where one of the latter's sons was a somewhat noted man—namely, Sir Richard Washington; and another son, a clergyman, lost his living during the havoc of Cromwell's time. Two of the family, one the pastor, migrated to the United States (then simply America), and one of these became the great-grandfather of the celebrated George Washington.

The Stars and Stripes.

The most impressive fact pertaining to the national emblem of America is that the banner of a mighty nation, the Stars and Stripes, emanates from the coat-of-arms of an English gentleman and the Washington Arms. Its origin can now be seen by any visitors in old Sulgrave Manor, as well as upon the wall of Sulgrave Church there, where also are the brasses of the family lineage. Some of Washington's ancestors lie in the quiet churchyard, amid its sylvan and peaceful surroundings. For visitors' guidance, it is well to state that Helmdon Station is the nearest to this quaint and inspiring little village, and the old Manor House, in its pristine state, is only a short drive, or to pedestrians a brisk walk of about forty minutes. Sulgrave should be to the United States what Stratford-on-Avon is to England. Now, the little place is lying sequestered and almost unknown, yet teeming with valuable associations and mementoes which are worthy of immortal fame.

Mr. Dorrien-Smith.

Mr. Dorrien-Smith, of Tresco Abbey, who had the honour of entertaining the King during His Majesty's visit to the Scilly Isles, is the head of the family of which Sir Henry Bromley, Lord Carrington, and Lord Pauncefote are members. In a family so many off-shoots of which have acquired wealth, it is interesting that the wife of their mutual ancestor should have had the unusual but appropriate Christian-name of "Fortune." In addition to his property in the Scilly Isles, Mr. Dorrien-Smith owns Ashlyns Hall, in Hertfordshire, a property which was purchased in 1801. Where so many of his family have changed their patronymic, some for "Bromley," some for "Pauncefote," and others for "Carington," it is refreshing to find that, whereas his father, the late Colonel Smith-Dorrien, in 1845, added the "Dorrien" to the "Smith," the son, by special licence, added the "Smith" to the "Dorrien."

The Free Ticket.

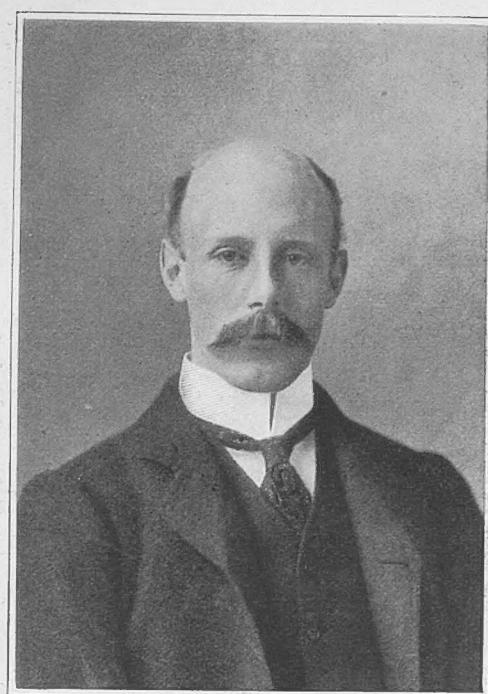
A midnight meeting of the Managers of Paris theatres was called at the Palais-Royal Theatre. The question was as to whether the free ticket should be suppressed. Porel, of the Vaudeville, treated the other Managers as mentally wandering and wanted to know what they were going to do when they got down to the box-office and found that there was no booking. The majority were, however, determined, and for the moment the free entrance in Paris is tabooed. Which makes you smile.



THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON IN THE VILLAGE OF SULGRAVE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



MISS RUBY SPENCER-CHURCHILL.



THE HON. B. BATHURST, M.P.

MARRIED YESTERDAY AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE, S.W.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

Some April Brides. April is essentially the wedding month of the year, for it is sandwiched, as it were, between Lent and unlucky May. This week sees many interesting and notable bridals, including that of the Lord Chancellor's pretty and gifted only daughter, Lady Evelyn Giffard, who, however, will not change her name, for she is marrying a cousin. Yesterday (22nd) witnessed the marriage of one of the most popular girls in Society, Miss Ruby Spencer-Churchill, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Spencer-Churchill. Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, the happy man, is Member of Parliament for the Cirencester Division of Gloucestershire; he is a noted sportsman, and what may be termed the outdoor section of Society mustered in force at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, which seems to have got back this year some of its old wedding popularity, for even this week two other smart weddings are to be celebrated there—those of Sir Tristram Tempest and Miss Macgregor, and Mr. Arthur Thesiger, Lord Chelmsford's clever nephew, and Miss Florita Knight.

A Pretty Theatrical Bridal. Just a week ago to-day (April 16), there was a great theatrical and Society gathering at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in honour of the marriage of Miss Isabel Jay, the last and most charming of "Iolanthe" Phyllises, and Mr. Hart Cavendish, the celebrated African explorer. Miss Jay chose to be wedded in the traditional white satin and old lace, and she made an ideal bride. Her many gifts testified to the affection with which she is regarded by members of "the profession." Mrs. D'Oyly Carte's gold, turquoise, and pearl bracelet was particularly admired, and interest also centred round the really beautiful jewel, a tortoise-and-hare gold brooch set with turquoise, presented by the ladies of the Savoy Company.

Next Week's Weddings. Every day of next week also sees a smart wedding. On Monday there will be a great gathering of the clans at the bridal of Lady Susan Beresford to Captain Hugh Dawnay. On Tuesday, St. Margaret's, Westminster, will be the scene of a very pretty political wedding, the youthful bridegroom being the eldest son of popular Mr. Gibson Bowles, while the bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. John Penn, Conservative Member for Lewisham. On the eve of May Day, three happy couples hope to escape the ill-luck which might be their fate were they to remain unwedded yet one day longer. Colonel Julian Byng is to be married to-day to Mr. Ralli's good-looking and popular niece, Miss Evelyn Moreton, and it is in Mr. Ralli's beautiful house in Belgrave Square that the wedding-reception is to take place. On the same



MR. H. S. H. CAVENDISH, THE CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

day, Lord and Lady Cawdor's second son Mr. Nigel Campbell, becomes the husband of Miss Violet Kerr; and, at far-away Tuam, Lord Sligo's nephew, Mr. Cyril Browne, leads to the altar Miss Alice Lewin.

The Marquis of Granby. Lord Granby, who has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday, by no

means looks his age. He wears his years easily, in spite of having been Principal Private Secretary to the Premier, a position which he occupied during Lord Salisbury's administration from 1885 to 1886, and again from that year to 1888. In the latter year he represented East Leicestershire. He is the eldest son of his Grace of Rutland, a Peer better known as Lord John Manners, under which name he held high office in the Governments of Lord Beaconsfield. The Manners family were people of note in Northumberland in early Plantagenet days, but it was not until the fortunate marriage of Sir Robert Manners with the sister and co-heir of Edmund, Lord de Ros, that the family made any sensible rise in condition. Sir Robert's son not only succeeded to the Barony of de Ros, about the most ancient on the roll, but to those of Vaux, Triesbut, and Belvoir. He also inherited Belvoir Castle, which has ever since been the seat of his descendants. Not content with this inheritance, Lord de Ros married a lady whose mother was Anne Plantagenet, sister

of King Edward IV., a lady who, at her own request, had been divorced from Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter. It is not surprising that their son, the thirteenth Lord de Ros, should have been created Earl of Rutland and installed a Knight of the Garter. His patron and kinsman, King Henry VIII., moreover, was good to him in the matter of sequestered Church lands. His son and grandson were also Knights of the Garter. The Dukedom of Rutland was granted in 1703, the ancient Barony of de Ros having already parted company with the Manners and passed for a time into the Cecil family, by the marriage of Lady Elizabeth, only child of the third Earl, with Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. The present Lord de Ros has had a distinguished career. He lives in Ireland and married a niece of Lord Bangor. Her brother, Sir William Mahan, has recently returned from South Africa the recipient of the Distinguished Service Order.



MISS ISABEL JAY, WHO WAS MARRIED TO MR. CAVENDISH LAST WEDNESDAY.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

By special permission of the Savage Club, I am able to reproduce the clever menu-card drawn by Douglas Almond for the "welcome home" dinner to Sir Henry Irving. I would ask you to note, in one corner, the signatures of Sir Henry and some of his friends. These were done at the dinner-table, and are, therefore, of peculiar interest and value. The names are: Henry Irving, George Alexander, H. Beerbohm Tree, Edward Terry, H. B. Irving, and Laurence Irving.

The national expenditure last year amounted to 195½ millions sterling. For the new financial year the expenditure is estimated at 193 millions. The revenue, with the same taxes as formerly, would amount to fully 147½ millions. There would thus be a deficit of £45,500,000. The Chancellor saves 4½ millions by suspending the Sinking Fund, he raises £5,150,000 by fresh taxes, he gets some 3½ millions from Exchequer balances, and he borrows 3½ millions.

The total cost of the War (including 5½ millions for China) has been, during three years, as much as 165 millions. Of this sum, 119½ millions has been borrowed, and 45½ millions has been provided out of the revenue. During last year 60 millions was added to the National Debt, which now stands at

748 millions. The estimate for the War this year is 56½ millions. Mr. Brodrick demanded supplies for only eight or nine months, amounting to 40 millions, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer added 16½ millions to prepare for the worst throughout the whole year.

An extra penny on the income-tax provokes a good deal of grumbling, but there is no strong feeling in the House of Commons against it. Almost everybody, on the other hand, complains of the doubling of the stamp-duty on cheques. It was all very well to pay a penny for a cheque, but Parliamentary

householders will pay their tradesmen in cash if a cheque costs twopence. There will be a great deal of obstruction against the duty on corn and flour.

Who will be the chief critic of the Budget? Sir William Harcourt is the most influential, but his voice has become very weak, and the House does not always take the trouble to listen to him. In former days, Sir Henry Fowler was frequently put up to speak for the Opposition on finance, but since the foundation of Lord Rosebery's Liberal League he has been passed over by "C.-B." The most effective criticism on Budget night came from Mr. Robson, that very clever lawyer who is proving a powerful Parliamentary debater.

Contrary to expectation, the Duchess of Albany will be a good deal in residence at Claremont. Some time ago, she removed a portion of her things; in fact, Princess Alice, on her last visit to Esher, was the guest of Sir Robert and Lady Collins, who have a house on the Claremont estate. As the Duke of Coburg's education will be completed by men,

it is likely that his mother will pass more of her time in this country. Claremont is interesting as the place where the ill-fated Princess Charlotte of Wales passed most of her brief married life and eventually died.

Sipyagin, the murdered Russian Minister, was very well known in Paris, and more particularly at Aix. He was a typical Muscovite in appearance, of great stature. He was a terror to the Third Division in Paris, for he took risks that no police force could cope with. He usually visited the Vaudeville when Réjane was playing—for she is the Russian idol—strolled out with a cigar, supped at Maxim's, and then turned into one of the high-class English bars. The prospect of a visit was wired beforehand, and the poorer Russians and Poles were flung into jail by the police.



MR. GERMAN AND MR. HAMISH MACCUNN,
THE CONDUCTOR AT THE SAVOY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



MR. EDWARD GERMAN, THE COMPOSER OF
THE SAVOY OPERA, "MERRIE ENGLAND."
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

MENU-CARD FOR THE SAVAGE CLUB "WELCOME HOME" DINNER TO SIR HENRY IRVING.

Drawn by W. Douglas Almond, R.I.

The Gun-explosion on H.M.S. "Mars."

A preliminary inquiry into the terrible accident which occurred on board the *Mars* during target-practice off the South-West Coast of Ireland on Monday of last week was held on the battleship on the following Wednesday evening. Among those constituting the Board were Commander Hope, specially sent by the Admiralty authorities, and two Captains and three Gunnery Lieutenants from the

This led to manifold and sometimes comic scenes. For instance, one man, dressed most fashionably in frock-coat, top-hat, patent-leather boots, &c., wanted to cross the street to a solitary 'bus that was standing high and dry some yards further on, at the corner of the next street. He was in a quandary; his business was urgent, but his love for his clothes was paramount. He spied out a messenger, bade him carry him to the 'bus on his shoulders, and paid him sixpence for his trouble. On reaching the 'bus, he learnt there was no more room; he therefore told his "carrier" to take him back, but the messenger had his eye on the main chance and refused to move unless another sixpence was paid; on the sprucely dressed "fare" demurring, he threatened, amidst the laughter of the bystanders, to drop him in the water. The sixpence was paid.

On all sides, firemen hurried to and fro; fire-engines were requisitioned to pump out the flooded cellars; carts appeared on the scene, and a brisk ferrying trade was soon in full swing. Many roads and bridges were partially destroyed by the quite unexpected onslaught of the storm, houses were destroyed, and the engine-driver and fireman on a suburban train were struck by lightning, but pluckily continued their work and brought their train safely into the nearest station, after which they were themselves taken to a hospital. In the suburbs, the state of things was in some parts even worse still; for three days after the storm a great portion of the country was deep in water. Those who were really delighted with the effects of the thunder-storm were the children, who were forced to keep away from school, as all access to several schools was impossible.

German Stamps. The post-offices in Berlin have been trying the patience of the public of late even more than usual. This is saying a very great deal, for, of all institutions most calculated to make the average "Man in the

Street" lose his temper speedily, thoroughly, and beyond recall, the German post-office is the one to carry the palm. The German stamps have of late been changed, and, owing to some misunderstanding, the public believed that their stock of stamps would be useless from the first of this month onwards. All the post-offices therefore were besieged, morning, noon, and evening, by angry, hustling crowds, all eager to get served and all driven well-nigh desperate with tedious waiting. The officials behind the little windows (the so-called "Schalter") evidently enjoyed the fun, and munched away at their "Mittagsbrot" with the keenest relish, well knowing that if any rude remarks were passed against them they would be fully protected by the law of "Beamten-Beleidigung," which punishes all who are in the least rude to any official. It is really marvellous to note the docility and passive obedience of the average German crowd; they stand, angry, but never complaining, for hours at a stretch; indeed, they are quite unable to recognise the fact that they are the "Public." Here in Germany they have had it carefully drilled into their minds that



H.M.S. "MARS," THE SCENE OF THE FATAL EXPLOSION ON MONDAY OF LAST WEEK.
Photograph by Gregory and Co., Strand.

Channel Squadron at Bantry. The precise cause of the disaster has been the subject of much speculation on the part of naval men and civilians alike. So far as can at present be determined from the statements of members of the crew, it seems that one of the 12-inch guns on the port side was loaded and the order given to fire by Lieutenant Bourne, the Gunnery Officer. The charge did not explode, and, after a careful examination, which apparently did not show sufficient cause for the failure, it was decided to try the auxiliary electric circuit. Immediately the connection was made the huge breech-block was shattered by a terrific explosion.

The effect showed only too faithfully the horrible carnage which must result from the bursting of an enemy's big shell on a war-vessel. Mr. Humphreys, a petty officer, and Lieutenants Bourne and Miller were literally blown to pieces. Seven others were killed instantly, and one seaman has since died from his injuries. No one in the barbette escaped injury from the flying fragments. The battleship's course was at once set for Queenstown, which was reached at half-past five on the following morning. A funeral service, attended by Captain Barry and all the officers and men under his command, was held on the vessel in the afternoon, and the coffins of the two Lieutenants and seven of the men, covered with Union Jacks and naval ensigns, were subsequently removed from the quarter-deck, where they had been placed side by side, and conveyed in a steam-pinnace to Haulbowline, there to lie in the mortuary preparatory to burial. Lieutenant J. H. S. Bourne joined the Navy in January 1887 became Sub-Lieutenant in 1893, and Lieutenant in the following year. He was appointed to the *Mars* in April 1900. Lieutenant T. C. Miller entered the service in 1894, attained the rank of Sub-Lieutenant in 1900, and that of Lieutenant as recently as July of last year, at which time he joined the *Mars*.

Terrific Storm in Berlin. Seldom has a storm so violent as that which raged on Monday night been known in Berlin (writes my Correspondent). In the short space of three hours, the whole of the town was visited by a continuous downfall of hail and rain; the heavens were charged to the full with electricity, and damage to an enormous extent was done in every direction. Trains and electric-trams were prevented from running, owing to the tearing-up of the roadways by the sudden onset of turgid streams. Where, only a short while before, carriages, vans, and 'buses had been running unceasingly, nothing was to be seen but water, three feet deep.



12-INCH GUNS IN BARBETTE OF H.M.S. "MARS," ONE OF WHICH EXPLODED WHILST AT TARGET-PRACTICE OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.
Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

the public exists for the officials and not the officials for the public. Talking of stamps, a funny mistake has occurred of late, which will be of great interest to all stamp-collectors. The "E" in "Deutsches" has, in some cases, been printed in the form of an "F," the letter having evidently been broken by a bit of sand or stone. The result is that, in a sheet of three-shillings'-worth of three-pfennig stamps, one stamp is a "Dfutsch" stamp. Professional stamp-sellers have been clever enough to procure for themselves a large store of these oddities, and are doing a brisk trade in them. The cost, therefore, of a three-pfennig (about a farthing, roughly) stamp is now eighteenpence; that is, of course, if printed with an "F." Whole sheets each containing only one falsely marked stamp cost five shillings. This is a high price, but collectors seem not to mind the imposition.

Hydrophobia in Berlin. In consequence of an increase or a dreaded increase of hydrophobia in Berlin, the magistrates have ordered that no dog shall henceforth be

allowed in the streets except at the end of a string, at the other end of which must be the biped in charge. This is decidedly irksome, to say the least of it, to the owners of dogs. The effect of the new law is that a new trade has sprung up among the unemployed, who have cleverly hit upon the dodge of taking out dogs for their airing for some small sum. Now, dogs can be seen in every direction, muzzled and attached to a chain or string, all looking very miserable and pulling for dear life towards each point of the compass. Especially noticeable is the effect of the new regulation at nightfall. At every street-corner—I might almost say, at every house-door—phantom forms can be seen flitting about two by two, a man and a dog. No longer is it allowed to open the door and send the faithful hound alone into the streets, adorned with a brand-new muzzle; the poor creature must be held firmly with a string, else he will run the risk of passing quickly but surely through the lethal chamber at the headquarters of the nearest Dogs' Home.

Duke Charles of Saxe-Coburg. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg will arrive at Gotha on May 1, together with Prince Ernst of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and will pay a visit on the following day to Jena. May 3 will mark the fiftieth Jubilee of the formation of the Constitution of the double Duchy of Coburg and Gotha. The old-fashioned town will be grandly illuminated in the evening and all the bigwigs of the place will assemble at a dinner to commemorate the great event.

Miss May Belfort. Miss May Belfort, now scoring nightly at the Palace Theatre with her charming songs, "White Piccaninnies," "Do, Do, Do," and "Blue Eyes," is one of the lucky ones of the earth. In the course of extensive travels in almost every

part of the world, she has been the recipient of many of the most costly and unique presents. Her charming house in South Kensington is a veritable museum of valuable curios and works of art. One of the most noticeable of these is a huge silver urn, which was a gift from student admirers in Moscow. This band of enthusiasts erected



SIR W. B. RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

a stand outside the hall where Miss Belfort was performing, and, when she emerged from the stage-door, obliged her to give way to their demands and sing her songs all over again. At the conclusion she was presented with the magnificent trophy mentioned. It was also in Russia that Miss Belfort was presented with a number of gold cups of exquisite workmanship.

Sir W. B. Richmond. There are few painters whose personality and genius have more deeply impressed the modern art-world than Sir William Blake Richmond, and

everyone will admit that his influence has always been on the side of purity, conscientiousness, and good craftsmanship. His thoroughness is illustrated by the spirit in which he undertook the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, for which enterprise he trained his own staff of mosaic-workers. His long-continued studies in Italy, Greece, and Egypt have, no doubt, coloured his artistic outlook, and have induced a desire to realise some of the splendours of those favoured lands in our own island. But fog is an enemy to such dreams, and Sir W. B. Richmond is the enemy of fog. Indeed, if any substantial reform is ever made in the direction of smoke abatement, much of the credit will assuredly be due to the zealous efforts by which the artist is continually waking up public interest on the subject. Sir W. B. Richmond is a most fascinating speaker, who can expound his views on art with so much conviction and with such lively fancy as to engage the sympathies even of those whose theories are not quite in accord with his own, and thus his influence was strongly felt during the five years that he occupied Ruskin's seat as Slade Professor at Oxford. His work in pictures, portraits, frescoes, sculpture, and the applied arts is vast in its extent, but, perhaps, it is too scholarly to compete in popularity with that of some of his contemporaries. Being under sixty and having undiminished energy, there are unlimited possibilities before him yet.

Progress of Mr. Rhodes' Pet Scheme.

The Cape to Cairo railway was one of the pet schemes of the late Cecil Rhodes. By 1898 the railway was brought to Bulawayo, and in the same year the dreamer of Imperialistic dreams was in England and negotiated a financial arrangement for the continuance of the railway in sections northwards to Tanganyika. Now, it has been surveyed as far as the Zambezi, where a steel bridge of five-hundred-feet span will carry the railway across the river at the Victoria Falls. The section from Bulawayo to the Zambezi, 275 miles in length and 1700 miles from Cape Town, is expected to be opened next year. It is anticipated that during this year trains will be able to run from Cape Town to Beira, via Bulawayo, Salisbury, and Umtali.



MISS MAY BELFORT'S PICCANINNIES, NOW APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Aurélien Scholl. There were two figures in Paris society whose place could never be filled (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). One was Francisque Sarcey. He died, and the loss of "our Uncle" made the Boulevards the smaller. Aurélien Scholl remained in half-hearted fashion. He took a little villa at Passy, and, when last I saw him, he described the beautiful suburb as "foreign land." Scholl knew more of the life of Lutetia

during the last fifty years than any other mortal man. He was a member of that famous clique—Renan, Daudet, Maupassant, the younger Dumas—who assembled at Tortoni's, where real French wit was rife. When Tortoni closed, poor Scholl went down in a cab and took away the table, the glass, and the filtering-spoon with which he had made his absinthe for thirty years, and always guarded them in reverence in his smoking-room. In latter days, he seemed lost and unhappy, for old faces had given place to new, and the dashing Aurélien Scholl, the first chronique-writer in France, seemed ill-suited with a pair

HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.

Photograph by J. Thomson.

of blue glasses. I once asked him if he was publishing his reminiscences, and he told me that he was hard at work on them, but it was slow in progress because he had no secretary. "Once, I had a secretary," he said, "but he gave it out that he wrote all my chroniques. It was true in a sense, as he took them down from dictation, but my enemies made the most of it. And"—with a laugh—"there is no hurry. Every mortal Frenchman has contemplated or is contemplating writing a novel, so I can wait." To attempt even a fringe of the anecdotes associated with Scholl would fill *The Sketch*. He will be remembered, as is Sarcey, for his kindness to the struggling, and there are many who drive in carriages to-day thanks to a few kindly and unexpected lines from his pen.

A Cosmopolitan Princess.

Her Serene Highness the Princess of Monaco can claim to be one of the most cosmopolitan as well as one of the most popular of Serene Highnesses. She began life as the daughter of one of France's great Jewish bankers. When still in her teens, marriage made her bear one of the oldest and proudest names in "la belle France," and as the widowed Duchesse de Richelieu she became the second wife of the then Heir-Apparent to the Sovereign of the beautiful little Principality where Queen Fortune holds her Court.

Princess Alice, as most of her friends habitually call her, is a very clever and interesting woman. She has travelled much and is a constant visitor to this country, where, indeed, she made her social début as a young girl at Holland House. When acting as châtelaine in the splendid old Castle of Monaco, she holds a kind of Court, to which admission is freely granted to those foreigners who bring with them proper credentials. Curiously enough, though not entirely Royal, the Grimaldi dynasty is one of the very oldest in Europe, and the Prince and Princess of Monaco are always treated as Royal personages by the reigning Sovereigns of Europe. It is expected that they will both be present at the Coronation.

The Censure.

It has always been a mystery to everyone why the Censor should be named after Ste. Anastasia. A seeker after truth says that it is of practically modern date. In 1835, a playwright went to the office of the Censor to protest against the way in which his play had been treated. He was ordered out, and finally flung out by a concierge whose name was Anastasie. It was taken up in song and *revue*, and has prevailed.

The Claque.

I am surprised to see the importance that has been attached in London journals to the decision of Claretie to suppress the claque at the Comédie-Française. To begin with, he could not do it, as it is part and parcel of the

Moscow decree. But, to my knowledge, this exact rumour has come up regularly for the last ten years, and is notoriously an impossibility. This is the position in a nutshell. If the official claque were suppressed, which follows instructions only from the author, every actor or actress with money would find a claque of his or her own to persistently get enthusiastic over their acting. The claque is part and parcel of the Paris theatre.

A Great Sculptor. The name of Dalou will go down to posterity with one of the most sensational incidents in French history. It was at the inauguration of his magnificent statue of "La Triomphe de la République," in La Place de la Nation, by President Loubet, that Paul Déroulède, in 1898, attempted to lead the troops with the cry, "On to the Elysée!" He failed and is in exile, and Loubet is the most popular President that France has had. When death suddenly took him, Dalou had just finished a majestic statue of Gambetta.

Chromatic Food. I have been to the annual Culinary Exhibition in the Tuileries Gardens, and I protest: I did not see in that whole show one single exhibit that anyone short of a vandal would have ever touched. Everything was too artistic and too theatrical, and there was not a vestige of anything practical. You saw ice-puddings whose place was under a dome on the mantelpiece, fantastical-looking cakes that suggested Christmas-cards, turkeys that were garlanded with one thing, decorated with another, and buried away in a grotto of utterly useless vegetables. There was not as much as a symptom of anything that might be useful in adding pleasure to the workaday world at the hurried mid-day meal, or even at the more philosophically digested dinner.

Cycling Gone Mad. I shall be much surprised if the police do not take some drastic measure in regard to races at Buffalo and the Parc des Princes, where auto-cycles are used for pacing. I saw the Chase-Bonhours match, and it caused a painful impression on the bulk of the spectators. Within ten days, seven cyclists were taken on the ambulance to the Hôpital Beaujon. This is *not* sport.

1830 Redivivus. The Gavarni Festival that I mentioned last week is going to have very far-reaching consequences, I am told by a famous costumier in the Rue de la Paix. Did "la Belle Otero" ever look more beautiful than in a high-waisted costume of the 1830 period? Everyone agrees that never, and the same remark applies to a number of fashionable beauties.



Mlle. ANNA HELD, WHO HAS SUNG IN MORE CAPITALS THAN ANY OTHER FRENCH CHANTEUSE.

Photograph by Nadar, Paris.



THE SOCIAL JESTER

A FAREWELL LETTER—TO DOLLY

QUIET apart from any reference to a popular song, my dear Dolly, I recognise that the time has come when I may no longer address you in those terms of sweet familiarity that have been my privilege for so many months past. And, whilst it is only natural, dear friend, that I should feel as though some treasured pleasure had been suddenly, even brutally, wrested from me, yet, believe me, I am able, even in the midst of my bereavement, to take a philosophic view of the matter, combined with a genuine sense of satisfaction in the cause of our separation. As a proof of my sincere gladness at the new experience that has come into your life, I will assure you that I am not going to platitude over the question. I shall simply take your word for it that he is the best and dearest and sweetest fellow in all the world, and there the argument—together with our intimate correspondence—comes to an end.

I know that I might, as you so lovably suggest, continue to write to you on indifferent things; such letters, however, would be as worthless to you in the reading of them as they would be painful to me in the writing. Good-bye, then, Dolly dear! May you have all the happiness that the gods will certainly wish to give.

After all, you know, we have discussed, through the medium of the long-suffering postman, quite an extraordinary number of subjects. To begin with, you have re-traversed, with me, those harrowing days of my extreme youth—the days when I eloped with the seven-year-old daughter of our family laundress; the day when, on a pilgrimage of love, I encountered several lunatics; the day in winter when I recollect, at the cost of your tears, the terror of the holidays and the bleakness of school.

You have travelled with me, too. You have been to that lonely farmhouse in Cornwall chiefly notable for a dog, a hard-faced landlady, and an eccentric man named Chippers. You have, epistolarily, spent a week-end with me in London, in a country village, in Sleepy Southsea, in Madly Merry Margate. Your sympathising soul was with me when I viewed the town of Plymouth from a hotel window and met the boat—just. You have laughed with me over my adventures in Gothenburg,

Marstrand, the Göta Canal, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Helsingfors, Kalmar, Malmö, Copenhagen, Hamburg, and Harwich.

Returning to dear old England again, with hope renewed and friendship unabated, we have discussed London by Sunlight, Fools—April and otherwise, Growing up, The First of May, Smoking Concerts, and Oxford besieged. I have written to you whilst you were at the seaside and I was sweltering in the dusty heat of the Strand. We have discussed athletic subjects together—golf, football, cricket, cycling. Oi! no, dear friend, we must not complain that our correspondence has been unduly limited in range.

And, perhaps, in some ways, it is just as well that this inconsequential friendship of ours should come to a definite conclusion. Just as well, I say, not on account of the warmth of our platonic affection, but rather for the very reason that our exchange of ideas has been so inconsequential. For, whether you care to admit it or not, you have reached that stage of your career when a mere inconsequence, as such, will fail to appeal to you. It is a transient stage, of course, but, whilst Life is being spelt for you with such an enormous "L," I would not for worlds intrude upon the gravity of your reflections with any flippant observations or trivial philosophies. All our phases are very real to us whilst we are edging through them. I know of none, thank Heaven, that is more real than the phase of Love.

It has occurred to me, by the way, that I might, perhaps, be able to address you in the days to come by means of this very phase. I can imagine that there are certain grounds upon which, even then, we could meet in confidence and sympathy. For, strange as it may seem, I, your humble Jester, know something of that divine breath that comes to mortals in a whisper soft as the South Wind, yet breathes into them a spirit of exaltation such as the lees of the wine-cup never held and the draught of the druggist never knew. Don't scoff at me, dear Dolly: the fool is not always laughing as he shakes his bells; a garb of motley, perchance, may cover a heart that is as sensitive to hope and despair, love and fear, as the soul of a young girl who loves for the first and last time.

Yes; I think—in the distant future—I shall have something to say to you about the Love Phase and the change of circumstances that it entails. Who knows? I may even go to the length of advising you on the subject of Man and his Moods, so that you may start fair with widows and clever people of that kind. But with the attitude of Mr. Punch on the subject of matrimony, I am not in sympathy. I shall never repeat to you, dear friend, that

word of warning that has become historic in its curtiness. Some people will tell you that marriage is a fine thing from the girl's point of view, but that the man gets much the worse of the bargain. In the majority of cases, this is the sheerest nonsense. At any rate, I know one old thing left shivering in single wretchedness who would be only too delighted to cut in for the deal and take his chance.

But, good gracious! I am getting sentimental at this late hour and the candle is crying shrilly for the snuffers. So lingeringly have I been dwelling over this poor morsel of valediction that the City has grown quiet in the meanwhile, the streets have emptied, the lights have gone out. And I, too, must close this letter and put out my lamp, for to-morrow will bring its own little cares, its own little labours, its own little sorrows. Sweet are the still hours of the London night; dear it is to watch for the dawn that comes creeping, like a soul astray, across the river. But the world was not made for sentimentalists, dear Dolly; it is the workers who keep the

wheels humming, the engines throbbing, the multitude of mouths filled with food. As a worker, then, and as one who is proud of his humble duties, I mean to lay down my pen and seek the sleep that shall strengthen me for to-morrow's weal or woe. Good-night, dear friend!

Good-bye!



Chicct



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS,
TO PLAY THE LEAD IN "THE PRESIDENT," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.
Photograph by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Income-Tax and How to Avoid It—Patriotic Diseases—Browbeating the Tax-payer—Dying for Commercial Purposes—State-Aided Crime—How to Abolish Taxation.

"BLACK MICHAEL" has now made out the bill for the Hungarian remounts, prehistoric war-maps, brigades of unmounted men, ship-loads of potted greyhound and terrier, and the other expensive necessaries which have proved so invaluable to us in the campaign, and we must cheerfully prepare to pay it or to try to elude paying it, according to the fervour of our tax-paying morality. In this case, the delay owing to the illness of the Chancellor was, unfortunately, genuine; but no Cabinet Minister can be considered capable who has not some chronic disease, like gout, for instance, warranted to break out at ten minutes' notice from his chief

The Russian influenza was, when first invented, a godsend to the Diplomatic Service in this respect, though the Ambassador who caught cold for his country



"The Honeysuckle and the Bee."



"Hello, my baby!"

MR. HENRY LYTTON, OF THE SAVOY,

was a good deal confined to the house in consequence; he could not be seen on the golf-links in rude health the morning after issuing a bulletin expressing with regret his fear that he would not live through the night. Except for the corn and grain duty, this Budget contains little of the jam-and-Gregory powder class of taxation, possibly because any further indirect imposts would make smuggling profitable—and smuggling is the one grand check upon Chancellors of the Exchequer. We are taking our medicine neat, in the form of another penny on the income-tax. Of course, the rebate can be claimed (though numbers of groaning tax-payers are unaware of the fact).

But this involves filling in several quarto volumes of official documents, with a full exposure of one's family history for generations. A month's hard work results in only some six or seven pounds being extorted from the authorities, *minus* postage, probable solicitor's charges, immense brain-exhaustion, and wear-and-tear on a secretary. Time is unlimited in Government offices, and the



"I can't tell why I love you; but I do, do, do."



"You and I together, love, never mind the weather, love."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

recognised principle in these things is to give the public so much trouble and brow-beat it so grossly in its efforts to claim its rights that only a very determined applicant, destitute of the most elementary sensations of self-respect, will ever apply for anything again. If one was not defrauding the Government, the transaction would not be worth the trouble.

With the present death duties, the wealthy man finds it more glorious than ever to die for his country. Mr. Carnegie has declared that to die rich is to die disgraced, but the Exchequer spares the rich man's survivors much of the ignominy. In America it has been proposed to increase revenue by fining people who catch tuberculous and other infectious complaints, but in this country dying itself has become an expensive luxury, and one cannot even expire without being charged proportionately to one's social position.

Compared with the great municipalities, the Government shows a want of enterprise in not relieving taxation by gigantic commercial undertakings. Glasgow makes £600 a-year as a farmer, Manchester sells soap



"Everybody's awfully good to me."

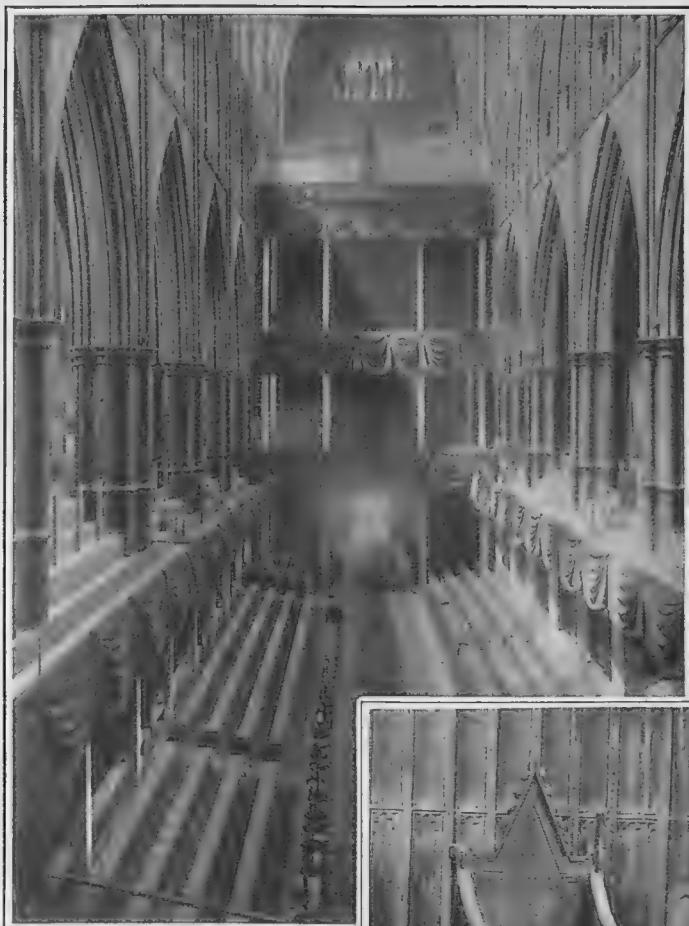
ILLUSTRATING SOME POPULAR SONGS.

and tallow, Lincoln manages horse-races at a profit. We hear of national theatres and operas. Why could we not have Government soap and lung-emulsion manufacturers, newspaper-proprietors, and official burglars subsidised to make people more careful of their property and swell the revenue?

This would probably involve a Secretary of State for Crime, and the whole position may be attacked by the timid reactionary; but unusual circumstances justify desperate measures, and, if once we realise that England must "wake up" and worn-out traditions must be abandoned, endless sources of income will suggest themselves. Five hundred Dukedoms might be placed on the market for £20,000 down and twelve monthly payments of £10,000 each, to suit limited purses. Several thousand worthless citizens might be insured and then sunk five miles out at sea. Judicious economies might be effected by doing away with all schools and universities, to say nothing of Parliament. With reforms like these, taxation would soon be unnecessary.—HILL ROWAN.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

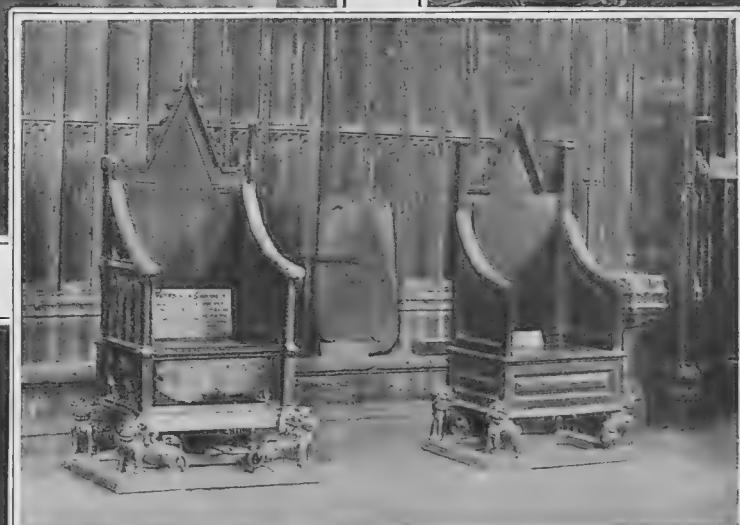
NOW BEING PREPARED FOR THE CORONATION CEREMONY.



NAVE, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING GALLERIES OVER WEST DOOR.



THE CHOIR, GREAT ORGAN, AND GREAT WEST WINDOW.



THE CORONATION CHAIRS IN THE ABBEY.

THE RECORD-ROOM, SHOWING MISSAL-CHESTS.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE WEST TOWERS. THEIR MAJESTIES WILL ENTER BY THIS DOOR.

THE MEMORIAL PERFORMANCES AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

MISS ELLEN TERRY INTERVIEWED.

TO-DAY the whole civilised world joins with us in celebrating the three hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the birth of him who "was not for an age, but for all time." "Nor for one nation, but the world at large," Ben Jonson might have added, had his imagination bodied forth "the forms of things unknown," for our Shakspere is the heritage of the world.

To-day, Stratford-on-Avon, the Mecca to which we all turn our thoughts, if not our footsteps, makes holiday, while in the theatre dedicated to his memory another is to be added to the list of his plays which have been produced there. That production is "Henry the Eighth," and the occasion is one of greater importance than has ever yet occurred in all the annals of the Memorial Theatre and the special birthday celebration of the dramatist. It derives its importance from the fact that the most brilliant actress of our generation, whose personality and womanhood have revealed to us the spirit of many of Shakspere's heroines, is to make her first appearance at the Memorial Theatre and play Katherine with the Company of Mr. F. R. Benson, to whom this year, as in so many previous years, has been entrusted the Memorial performances.

Miss Terry's playing with Mr. Benson is the renewing of an old association, for those acquainted with the history of the Lyceum will recall the fact that, fresh from Oxford, Mr. Benson joined the Lyceum Company to play Paris in place of Mr. George Alexander. When seen by a representative of *The Sketch*, Miss Terry spoke with delightful simplicity of her pleasure at acting with Mr. Benson, with whose aims she has, naturally, always been in sympathy.

"My first introduction to 'Henry the Eighth,'" said Miss Terry, in talking to the representative of *The Sketch*, "occurred when I was quite a little child. You remember Queen Katherine's last scene at the end of the fourth Act, showing a vision of angels, whom the Queen describes to her attendant as 'a blessed troop,' and whose bright faces she says—

'Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun.
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear.'

"Why, I can't tell you, but the angel who stood highest of all we children always regarded as the most important, and we used to call her 'the top angel.' Well, in Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's production of 'Henry the Eighth,' I was cast for 'the top angel.' All the angels were kept in their places by standing against an iron framework and were supported by a kind of iron belt which went partly around the waist, so that it was possible to stand for a long time without being tired. The vision was, of course, illuminated by gas, and, as the hot air went up, it all floated around the little 'top angel.' At the dress-rehearsal, the vision was gone over again and again—I can't tell you how many times—and all the time I had to stand there inhaling the gas. Suddenly, everything began to go round, my head fell on one side, and I was taken down almost fainting. A very little more and I should not have been 'the top angel.' There is an impression that I have steadily risen as an actress." Ellen Terry's eyes smiled. "As a matter of fact, after that experience I came down in the world and am now a mere Queen instead of a 'top angel.'" The smile danced from Ellen Terry's eyes to her mouth, and she laughed—the laugh which is the spirit of spring, the eternal youth of the world—the laugh which is, unhappily, to be withheld from the Lyceum Theatre, which, when it re-opens on Saturday evening, will be denied the lustre of her presence.

"No," said Miss Terry, in answer to another question, "I have never played Anne Boleyn. 'The top angel' and Queen Katherine are the only parts I have acted in 'Henry the Eighth.' It is curious, too, that I have played very few secondary parts in Shakspere's plays, except Hero and Nerissa."

In the course of further conversation, Miss Terry talked of her delight at the artistic success achieved by her son, Mr. Gordon Craig, in his recent production of "Acis and Galatea," a production which will be repeated under more favourable conditions before long. "You know," said Miss Terry, "many subscriptions have been sent in order that the opera may be revived. It is, to a certain extent, in accordance with my suggestion that the revival is to be delayed for a little while, that more subscriptions may come in, so as to ensure its being given for a longer time.

"Shall I repeat the experience at the Coronet Theatre, and act for my son, in connection with the revival? That is, so far as I can tell, impossible; but I certainly hope to act with him one of these days."

The performances at Stratford on Monday and Tuesday were

"Henry the Fifth" and "Twelfth Night"; to-day and to-morrow "Henry the Eighth" will be acted; "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on Friday; and on Saturday "Henry the Eighth" and "The Taming of the Shrew" will be given, thus making up a worthy programme for what is, properly, the Memorial Week. Mr. Benson's engagement, however, continues next week, and the plays to be produced are: on Monday "King Lear," on Tuesday "Henry the Fifth," on Wednesday "Romeo and Juliet," on Thursday "Richelieu," on Friday "Hamlet," and on Saturday "Twelfth Night" and "Henry the Eighth."

Whatever may be the artistic result of all these performances, there can be no doubt that the chief interest of them will centre in the performance of Ellen Terry, which will attract many who would not otherwise go to Stratford-on-Avon.

ROUND THE GALLERIES.

The many who are appealed to by "Devotional Art" may be referred to Emily Ford's collection at the Continental Gallery. There is a depth of feeling and a poetical outlook on religious ideals in her work that must commend it to everyone who is in sympathy with her aspirations. But, after all, pictures must be judged by their qualities of form and colour, and, if one applies the ordinary tests to much of this work, it must be found deficient, especially in the matter of expressive drawing, though some of the pictures, such as "The Three Wise Men," deserve to be praised for their delicate and suggestive colour.

A brilliant show of water-colours, by Count Angelo Giallina, at the Graves Galleries is full of the glowing sunlight and colour of Southern Europe, and was particularly refreshing on a London spring-day of something more than the usual severity. The blue sky and water of the Mediterranean coast, in combination with picturesque fishing-boats, are here rendered with much effect and facility of technique.

An exhibition of more than ordinary importance is that just opened at the Goupil Gallery, where the place of honour is given to a striking landscape, "The Forest Pool," by Diaz. It is remarkably strong in composition, but somewhat heavy in the shadows, according to present-day notions, and it bears evidence of studio-work. The sky, however, is very true and full of light. I prefer the admirable example of Jacques, "The Flock Drinking" in charge of a shepherdess, with a delightful sensation of sunlight and shadow all around. Of the two "Corots," "Early Morning," with a milkmaid and cows and an atmosphere of misty dawn, is especially charming. "The Willows" is not quite so good, but is noteworthy for its poetical reserve and for the characteristic treatment of the trees. A fine work is "The Arun," a late-evening effect by J. Weiss; Ziem is represented by some lively colour in "A Peep of Venice," and Thaulow by two sparkling river-subjects. There are works by J. F. Millet, Meissonier, Maris, and Fantin-Latour. Some of Mr. Brabazon's water-colours are also included.



THE MEMORIAL PERFORMANCES AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



MISS ELLEN TERRY,

WHO APPEARS TO-NIGHT AS QUEEN KATHERINE IN THE REVIVAL OF "HENRY THE EIGHTH."

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

A LONDON DAWN.

A SMALL, pathetic bell tinkled out the hour as I wheeled smartly up the narrow gravel-path leading to the big, looming hill and stepped it out briskly through the lifting mink. The moon had sunk out of sight, and there were shadows. The alders trembled delicately in the breeze and whispered their secrets softly to one another with nodding heads. The sturdier, low-growing shrubs cracked stiffly in their old limbs. Somewhere away on the right a sleepless fowl complained discordantly. There was a distant rivalry of barking dogs.

A cooler gush of air smote on my face as I left the path for the broad lower slopes, and I saw the hill itself mounting high above me till it clove the ashen sky. The turf looked black under a light, mysterious veil of mist. It was very dark and intensely still. Through a straggling shore of old, ragged elms, I could see a chain of tiny lakes, lying dead and smooth, with a shining patch on them here and there, like the chill glitter of steel. The ascent was steep. I left off twirling my stick, and began to use it. The grass was wet and cold and slippery underfoot. My boots swished through it musically.

Up and up, and the noble curve of the summit receding ever further and further from me. Every bush and tree and ditch, each landmark of barren soil or spiky tussock, grew more and more blessed to my eyes as it grew nearer, just as small things on the ground are said to do to soldiers in the heat of battle. I was on the final mound at last, and the country far beyond the hill was lifting rapidly to my gaze: silver sky where the moon had dropped, and here and there a valiant star amid the cloud-wracks; sombre woodland broken and gapped at sudden intervals to show the vast of open, sleek meadow-land; a steeple dimly outlined on the sky like a finger pointing heavenward; sheep on a hillside looking like tombstones, the tiny lakes in the hollow beneath resembling a string of glass beads.

I turned my eyes from the mournful sight and stood and looked back down the steep descent up which I had climbed. It ended in a coaly railway track. On the further side of the track, thrusting its outposts to the very rails, was London. The line of demarcation between town and country was straight and clean as a rapier-blade. Here, the open, rolling countryside; there, an illimitable wilderness of houses; here, the strong, sweet savours of the fresh earth; there, the stale, faint odours of the huddled streets.

Already day was imminent. London's myriad eyes showed bleared and yellow under the paling sky. The nacreous glare of the electric globes was subdued to a toneless, tremulous shimmer. I saw the gas-lamps go out one by one, as if a snake were winding sinuously through the hidden byways and swallowing them. The sky above was ribbed and scarred with dainty wisps of cloud all touched and glorified by the dawn's foreglow. Beyond the uttermost line of roofs an evanescent flush of light, like the gleam of a drowsy eye, spread and waivered and mounted up, driving back the darkness. The forest of chimneys and steeples and towers was dappled with this moving light. Colourless at first and cold, it gradually warmed to a timid pink tint, and then it began to send up radiant lances, tipped with fire, into the very zenith.

A hundred familiar landmarks broke instantly on the eye; to my right, the soft flowing mass of the trees of Regent's Park, their blushing greenery and glowing shades of russet and red, with here and there a splash of a sere yellow, looking like the palette of some giant artist, through which Primrose Hill thrust up boldly like a thumb—the very same artist, it might have been, who had set this picture before me. Far away, swart and immutable, the dome of St. Paul's, flanking its cross of gold. Straight ahead the rambling grey pile of Westminster. And breaking the vista at every yard, as it seemed, all the vast hydra head of the dazzling city, with its rumpled locks of cowl and chimney, suggestive somehow of a madman's unkempt crown, covering a thousand disordered fancies.

There were bars and streaks of amber riddling the crimson now; soon, the crimson began to fade. The sun came up in a trailing splendour of mist, like a mighty monarch showering down magnificent largess of gold. It crowned the dingy city with a diadem of jewels; they flashed alike on tapering spire, on utilitarian lightning-rod, and broken, dirt-grimed window. It clothed and masked the huge, upstanding chimneys, the ugly, rectangular factories, and barren tracts of squalid roof-slates in a glowing haze; it softened the angularities of tangled scaffoldings and wove them into ethereal webs for the imprisonment of vagrant sunbeams. A hideous chapel of galvanised iron was transformed into a wondrous great grey pearl before my eyes. I gazed on an enchanted city.

The sun rose so cleanly and swiftly, I could almost feel the earth revolve. But the full glory of the heavens was very speedily diminishing. The blue was harsher already. That magic mantle of mist was fast dissolving. The jewels had lost their lustre; they died like cooling sparks. Across and across the unfathomable sky slender plumes of smoke were drifting, defiling the morning air. Then the great factory-chimneys began to belch forth their bitter, brown columns of sooty fumes and shadow the green-splashed suburbs under an inky canopy. Here and there a patch of bright foliage still broke the drab monotony of smoke-wreathed cowl and roof-lines; church-spikes still tapered graciously against the blue. But the enchanted city was no more.

I went quickly down the hill, back to reality. EDWIN PUGH.

THE ISLES OF SCILLY.

Some Hints to Intending Visitors—Where to Stay and How Long—What to See.

HOW many people you meet in everyday life, I wonder, have ever visited the Isles of Scilly? They are so near and yet so far. For those who intend to follow the example of the King, however, here are a few hints.

The gardens at Tresco are worthy a visit at any season of the year, the best time being probably in May and June, when the rockwork, covered

with mesembryanthemums, is a sight to be remembered. In April nothing will surprise and astonish the visitor so much as the hedges, eight, ten, and twelve feet in height, and, perhaps, in all, miles in length, of Escalonia Macrantha, one mass of bright, rosy red. Camellias in full bloom in the open air in March and April may be seen, although, except in the gardens at Tresco, they are not numerous, as the flowers do not travel well—in fact, they are not looked upon as a marketable article at all. Other plants familiar to most of us in the green-house and conservatory will be found flourishing in the open air. With slight protection from the winter gales, gigantic yuccas, tree-



LOGAN ROCK, ST. MARY'S.

THIS BOULDER WEIGHS NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED TONS, AND CAN BE SWAYED TO AND FRO BY A PERSON OF ORDINARY STRENGTH.

Photograph by Gibson, Penzance.

ferns, dracænas, great trees of eucalyptus, and such popular favourites as fuchsias, hydrangeas, heliotropes, crassulas, arums, clianthus (the Australian Glory Pea), geraniums, myrtles, trees of sweet-scented verbenas, and a host of medicinal and scented-leaved trees and shrubs, grow in profusion. The churchyard at St. Mary's Old Town—where the unfortunate Schiller passengers were buried—is very interesting, and contains rows of yuccas, perhaps the finest on the islands.

One of the peculiarities in all the islands which you cannot help noticing is the utter absence of edible vegetables, excepting potatoes grown for commerce; even small plots for home consumption are the exception rather than the rule. It certainly strikes one as exceedingly odd, with so favourable a climate, to find crates of broccoli and suchlike being landed from the steamer at the pier-head. Fish, too, which one would expect to find in abundance, is very much at a premium, and, excepting an occasional pollack, or mackerel in season, it has to be brought from the mainland. The narcissus, or, as the Scillonians term it, the "lily," is the come-all and end-all of everything in the commercial way.

It may here be recalled that when His Majesty landed at Tresco, he drove to the Abbey to visit Mr. Dorrien-Smith, the Lord Proprietor, who is himself a large cultivator of flowers. One of the features of the King's short stay was a visit to the flower-fields, where he saw many acres of "lilies" in full bloom.

But to resume. To the visitor more or less amphibious, the islands will be found a happy hunting-ground, and to one in search of quiet let me strongly recommend a stay of at least a week, say, two days for St. Mary's and one for each of the other inhabited islands, St. Martin's, Tresco, St. Agnes, and Bryher, and, if possible, Annet, easily reached from St. Agnes; the latter is solely occupied by sea-birds in endless number and variety. A moonlight sail, if practicable, should on no account be missed. Weird rocks rise up in all directions, with an occasional sea-bird poised aloft in mute, uncanny loneliness. Those who prefer to hurry their visit ashore and to have a more extensive view of the group will do well to sail round outside the main Western islands, where an occasional seal will be noted and where islands large and small may be seen by the hundred. Round Island Lighthouse is especially worthy a visit (newspapers are much appreciated by the man in charge), and the view from the summit embraces the whole country in panorama, the Longships Lighthouse and Land's End being plainly discernible on a bright, fine day.

To the marine artist the Scillies must be an ideal spot, as nowhere else, I believe, does the sea glory in so many shades of blue and green. The "Logan Rock," near Land's End, is quite thrown in the shade by a movable rock on St. Mary's, only recently discovered; it is, at least, eight or ten times larger, and only a comfortable walk round the cliffs. Here also may be seen the Pulpit Rock, Tooth Rock,

and, within an easy distance, Penennis Head—perhaps one of the finest stretches of cliff and rock scenery to be found on our coast; the fate of the unfortunate vessel driven in this direction can be imagined. The view from the Garrison Hill at night of the many revolving and other lights should not be missed. Mr. Allen, the courteous bailiff of the Castle, or Mr. Hicks, of Lloyd's Tower, will gladly explain, and, if you can persuade the former to relate some of the misadventures and hairbreadth escapes he has experienced in an eventful life, so much the better.

Numbers cross from Penzance and, perhaps, return by the next

Some idea of the magnitude of the flower trade may be gathered from the fact that, given a favourable season, something like five hundred tons of cut-blooms leave the pier-head in the first three months of the year.

I have not mentioned Sampson as one of the principal islands (familiar to readers of the late Sir Walter Besant's "Armorel of Lyonesse"), for it is now uninhabited, and has been so for many years. The ruins of Armorel's supposed home, however, can be visited. If towards the evening, many black rabbits will be seen, these being peculiar to this island. Another untenanted island is occupied solely

THE ISLES OF SCILLY, RECENTLY VISITED BY THE KING.



PORTH CRESSA BAY.



BISHOP LIGHTHOUSE.



GARRISON HILL, ST. MARY.



ST. AGNES ISLAND AND LIGHTHOUSE.



PALM AVENUE AT TRESO ABBEY, RESIDENCE OF THE KING'S HOST, MR. DORRIEN-SMITH.

Photographs by Gibson, Penzance.

morning's boat, thoroughly disappointed with their flying visit: they have seen simply nothing. After a few days, you will find the usual remark is, "I wish I could remain longer!" The quiet and primitiveness grow on one, and the islands generally improve vastly upon acquaintance. I am speaking advisedly, since I have paid several visits, and shall go again should an opportunity present itself, for one finds something altogether novel and quite distinct from the ordinary seaside resort. Two steam-launches, under the control of Skipper Collett, which are used for fetching the flowers from the off islands, are available for visitors crossing to and fro. For my part, however, I prefer a sailing-boat, if you can make a day of it, returning to the hotel in time for dinner, about seven o'clock.



A FIELD OF "LILIES": THESE FLOWERS WERE IN FULL BLOOM WHEN THE KING VISITED TRESO.

by white rabbits. Finally, don't forget to put on an ulster before you leave Penzance—about forty-two miles from Scilly, passage four hours—if in the early season of the year, as you may find yourself not only very cold, but also, from the motion of the boat, indisposed and disinclined to trouble about a coat or anything else, and suffer consequently additional discomfort. Don't go even from one island to the other without an extra coat; the change in the atmosphere from land to sea is sometimes rather startling, and you can always leave the extra garment in the boat on landing. Lastly, take a basket with you from the hotel; they will fit one up with all you may require, as, although there are small places of accommodation at St. Agnes, Tresco, and St. Martin, they are not all that could be desired.

W. G. S.



WHY APRIL WEEPS.

---*---

April fell in love with June—

Laughing April,

Sunny June;

Light as air their bridal tune:

April fell in love with June.

June was caught a-kissing May—

Naughty June,

Pretty May;

April rained sad tears that day:

June was caught a-kissing May.

June looked up and felt the rain—

Guilty June,

April rain;

June flew to his love again:

Sunny June dried up the rain.

April laughed and told the flowers—

Happy April,

Friendly flowers;

“June’s afraid of April showers”:

April laughed and told the flowers.

KEBLE HOWARD.

"MICE AND MEN,"
AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN MARK EMBURY AND PEGGY.



THE PHILANTHROPIST TEACHES PEGGY TO WRITE.



PEGGY'S LITTLE DECEPTION AND ITS RESULT



MARK GIVES UP PEGGY FOR THE SAKE OF HIS NEPHEW.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS MARK EMBURY AND MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS THE FOUNDLING.

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



MR. J. H. RILEY AS KIT BARNIGER.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



MR. BEN WEBSTER AS CAPTAIN GEORGE LOVELL.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



MR. LUIGI LABLACHE AS ROGER GOODLAKE.

"Approach a woman as you would pluck a nettle. No gingerly touch as you'd save your skin, but with a firm grasp and a resolute will. Ha! ha! 'Twas thus I won Joanna!"



MISS MINNIE GRIFFIN AS THE MATRON.

"Now, always remember to be humble to your betters, and to comb your hair straight at the partin'."



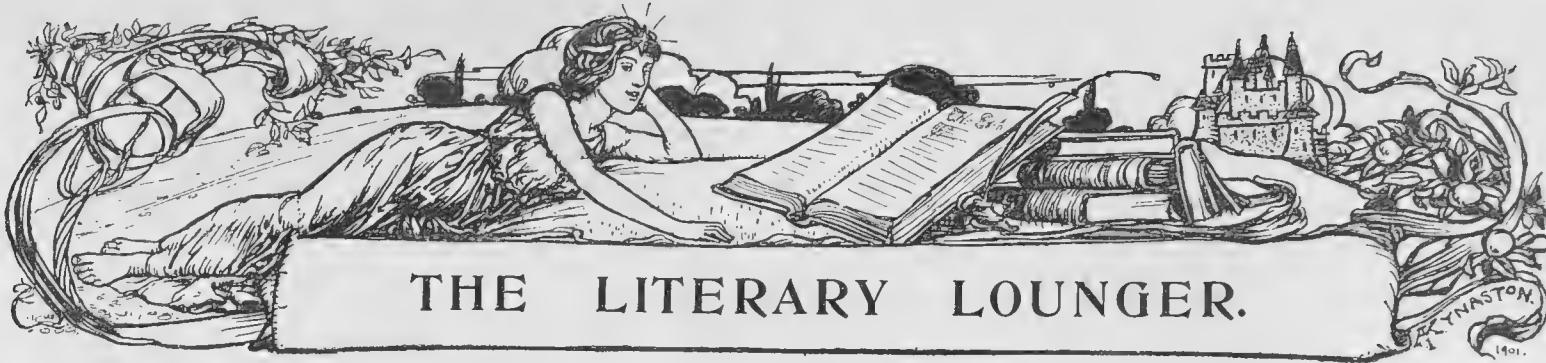
MISS ALICE DE WINTON AS JOANNA GOODLAKE.

(Sir Harry: "I'm a man of honour.") "So be it—when next you've gambled your pockets bare and are for having me bespeak Mr. Goodlake's generosity, I'll be a woman of honour."



MR. WILLIAM FARREN, JUNIOR, AS PETER.

"Two houses are none too many for a married man—it allows of one for himself and one for his wife!"



IS the new fashion in fiction to be the novel of business? Problems and romances of Labyrinthia have had their day, and it would seem that current literature is to come under the influence of the American invasion. I have been reading Mr. Robert Barr's new book, "The Victors." It is American to the core, and as absorbing as it is American. It is, from beginning to end, a novel of business, for, while it is true that politics play a large part in the story, the politics of America are as much a business as the making of pork-pies. "The Victors" is something of a revelation to anyone who is unacquainted with the ins-and-outs of American business-life. It has the stamp of sincerity and accurate observation on every page, and I have no difficulty in believing that it is a chapter from actual experience. It is a book which every business-man should read, for, while there is in the story of "The Victors" and how they won the victory much that is reprehensible, much that is almost repulsive, there is in it, too, a wealth of sound observation and the explanation of a thousand things in present-day American commercial life which to European eyes seem inexplicable.

There is good writing in "The Victors," strong, striking, and incisive. There is a good story, too, for the Victors are not merely machines, and there is something terrific, something immensely attractive in this picture of the great fight for success. Mr. Barr says well: "The self-confidence in the American youth with reference to his future career is something colossal. Nature in permitting or arranging for this state of mind seems desirous of setting up a mental phenomenon that will bear some resemblance to the physical grandeur of Niagara or the Yosemite."

Since Harold Frederic's "The Market Place," no novel of business has interested me like "The Victors." Unlike most current fiction, it is not a woman's book. But it is emphatically a book to be read and pondered by every business-man.

Another American novel well worth reading is "By Bread Alone," by J. K. Friedman, the romance of another self-confident young man, this time with Socialistic inclinations. "By Bread Alone" contains a really wonderful picture of the mixed humanity to be found in an American iron-foundry, and also one of the most stirring descriptions of a strike that I have come across in recent fiction.

It is a far cry from these stories of strife and stress to Mr. Henry Harland's new novel, "The Lady Paramount," a delicate and delightful piece of work. In the story itself there is nothing particularly novel or striking, but Mr. Harland's graceful style and charming descriptions, his fresh, sparkling humour, make a most attractive book. Here are a few typical sentences taken at random—

He had long ago perceived that cakes were mostly dough, and had accommodated himself to the perception with a regret that was half amusement.

We artists are the salt of the earth, of course; but every art knows its own bitterness, and—*il faut souffrir pour être set.*

Spiders hung in their gossamer lairs, only too tensely motionless not to seem dead; but if a gnat came—with what swift, accurate, and relentless vigour they sprang upon him and garotted him! Sometimes a twig snapped, or a young acorn fell, or a caterpillar let himself down by a long silken thread. And the air under the oak was tonic with its good oaken smell.

The sunshine broke into colour, it laughed, it danced, it almost rioted among the flowers; but in the prim alleys, and on the formal hedges of box, and the quaintly clipped yews, and the old purple brick walls, where fruit-trees were trellised, it lay fast, fast asleep.

The first instalment of the official French history of the Franco-Prussian War has recently been issued by the direction of the General Staff—twenty years, by the way, after the publication of the official German history. The work is entitled "The War of 1871," and will be printed in five parts of several volumes each.

Great preparations are being made to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the elder Dumas. Curiously enough, it was only recently that the exact date of Dumas' birth was established by reference to the certificate, July 4, 1802, in the Dumas Memoirs, the date given in Vapereau's Dictionary of Contemporaries, July 24, 1803, having been generally accepted as correct.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is at work on a dramatisation of her delightful "Birds' Christmas Carol," a comedy-drama in three Acts. In collaboration with her sister, she is also compiling two volumes of selected poetry for young people, which will, no doubt, form one of the most popular gift-books of the autumn season. The anthology is to be called "The Posy Ring."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has collected a number of his miscellaneous essays, which will be issued shortly under the title "The Empire of Business."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Lady Rosely's Daughter," begins in Harper's Magazine for May.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose delightful short story, "Rose of Dutcher's Cooly," ought to be better known, has completed his first long novel, "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," a story of Redskin life. From all I hear, it is likely to be one of the big successes of the year.—O. O.



MR. HALL CAINE: A CARICATURE.

"CRICKETERS' NOTE-BOOK."

The appearance of "John Wisden's Cricketers' Note-Book" for 1902 is a welcome sign that the season of bat and ball is close upon us. Edited by Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, this handy little book—it can easily be carried in the waist-coat-pocket—besides being a diary, contains a variety of useful information, including Laws of the game, Fixtures for the coming season, *notabilia* of the past year, and many other features. The "Curiosities" of First-Class and Minor Cricket will be of special interest to the cricketer. These include a large number of strange accidents, but some humorous little incidents are also related, as, for instance, that of a match, "Ladies v. Gentlemen," at Ootacamund, in which an entry on the score-sheet read: "Lady E. Lygon, retired weary, 60." In this match "a conveyance was provided to carry the ladies back to the tent when dismissed."

Miss Nellie Farren will take the chair at Odell's Farewell Concert, which will be given under the direction of Mr. Holmes Kingston at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, April 28. The Savage Club has accorded its patronage, and among the long list of artistes who will assist are Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Kate Cutler, Miss Janette Steer, Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Fred Wright, and Mr. Brandon Thomas. The Coldstream Guards Band will play, and Miss Zeffie Tilbury and Mr. Robert Ganthon will appear in "The Meeting," written by Robert Ganthon.

SHAKSPERE ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL MAY.



"THOU LOV'ST ME NOT WITH THE FULL WEIGHT THAT I LOVE THEE."
—AS YOU LIKE IT.



A PRIVATE VIEW.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MY LOST DIVINITY.

By GILBERT DAYLE.



EVERYTHING seemed quite pleasant; it was a magnificent spring afternoon, the Park was at its best, and I had met Mrs. Ventry, who, it must be explained, was one of my oldest and most intelligent friends.

She had an elaborate French poodle with her, and both were attired with exquisite taste. The three of us were strolling quietly along.

"Joco and I walk every afternoon for the benefit of our health," she explained. "The victoria will pick us up in a few minutes, so you must just give me a full account of your doings. What an age you've been away! Tell me the scheme."

"Dear lady, I've been attempting to shoot the lion in his own country, I have been slaying the wild pig in Morocco, I have—".

"Oh, the usual kill expedition!" she interrupted. "That doesn't interest me in the least." She turned her head and gave me a critical glance. "You know, Hugh, it's almost preposterous! Here you are, an intelligent man of thirty-two, more than comfortably rich, and you have never yet come to me with an interesting love-episode!"

"I will make amends now," I said, gravely.

She gave a little exclamation of pleased surprise, and I laughed.

"Tell me!" she cried, eagerly.

"Oh! it happened on my way home. I was putting in a few days at Monte Carlo. You know La Turbie, the little place on the hillside, behind the Principality?" She nodded. "Well, I was struggling up there by the road, with some idea of enjoying the view, when, about half-way, a carriage passed. In it were two ladies, presumably mother and daughter."

"And the younger one?" cried Mrs. Ventry.

"Was gloriously pretty! They were out of sight in a minute, but when I reached the place I found the carriage standing outside the inn, empty. I wandered round and caught sight of the ladies again. The girl was climbing a rocky piece of ground, in order to get a better view. Jove, if you could have seen her!" I paused to enjoy the memory.

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Ventry, impatiently. "She was adorable, made a pretty picture; but please go on. There was something else?" "Yes, there was something else," I said. "In moving quickly, her foot slipped on the rocky surface and she fell. I went quickly to her assistance. It turned out to be badly sprained ankle, and, as she couldn't walk, I helped her to the inn, escorted by Mamma. There she fainted from the pain. I was again of assistance, and when she came to, I—well, you know, Adela, I studied for a doctor until an eccentric relative's will made me a professional loafer."

"You lent medical aid?" said Mrs. Ventry, beginning to smile.

"Yes; it was a very bad sprain, so, after explaining my qualifications, I bandaged up the ankle for her, and finally carried her to the vehicle."

Mrs. Ventry's smile broadened to a grin.

"How romantic! And you fell in love with her?"

"Head over ears! If you could have heard her voice, seen her—"

"Ankle?" put in Mrs. Ventry, innocently.

"Her eyes!" I finished, with a severe glance. "Oh, her whole personality was charming!"

"And it was the beginning of an attachment? Do tell me how it progressed!"

"It didn't progress," I said, gloomily. "In the excitement of the affair, I forgot to give them my card, and, after thanking me and asking me to call, they drove off without leaving me their address. Was ever anything more aggravating? I spent an entire week searching, but without success. I had fallen in love with a divinity, but only to lose her the next moment!"

"Poor old Hugh!" said Mrs. Ventry, sympathetically.

Her victoria drew up close to the kerb, and she moved towards it.

"I have to go on to those tiresome Brabazons now," she said, with a sigh.

She got in, and I lifted the French poodle up on to the seat beside her.

"And you are still looking for her?" she asked, with a smile.

"Yes; I intend to go through the whole Season on the off-chance of meeting her," I said, heroically. "You see, I've never fallen so much in love before, and it's rather stimulating."

"Well, the best of luck, *mon ami!*" she said, with a laugh, as she drove off.

Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

I continued my stroll, and had not gone very far when I caught sight of a tall, handsome, bronzed young man hurrying towards me.

"Ah, here you are, Skeff, old man!" he cried, shaking me warmly by the hand. "I heard you were back, got round to your rooms, and your man told me I might find you in the Park, so came along at once."

Lord Dennis Gorison was a nice young Irishman, Lieutenant in a regiment lately returned from South Africa. He was another of my oldest friends.

I looked into his face and thought I detected an expression of anxiety there.

"I know I have a most fascinating personality; that I am deservedly popular, and all that sort of thing," I said, modestly; "but, still, I confess to feeling flattered at your extreme eagerness to see me again. It was very nice of you, Dennis, my son!"

He linked his arm within mine.

"Oh, I'm in such a mess, Skeff—and I want your help!" he exclaimed, despondently.

I could have bet upon it!

"Go ahead—let's hear the latest!" I said, with a sigh.

"Well, before I went to 'the Front,' two years ago, I was a younger man," he began, hesitatingly.

"The argument seems sound," I said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, you know what I mean, Skeff! I was much younger—a silly young fool!" He paused. "Well, to cut the story short, I fell in love with an actress—oh, not the popular idea, Skeff! She was pretty and refined, and taking a small part in a comedy. I was very much in love, and, if I hadn't been sent out at the time, I should have married her."

"I have always held that even the War Office occasionally betrays intelligence," I murmured.

"It saved me just in time. A marriage of that type is altogether impossible for me. You know the state of our family finances?"

Did I mention he was Irish? The Southbrook estates were in County Donegal, where the rents don't come from.

"But if the War Office saved you, where's the trouble?" I asked.

"On my return, the Mater picked out a wealthy American girl for me. Her people have come here for the Coronation Season. We've been thrown at one another, and the parents on both sides are delighted. I was on the point of proposing, when suddenly I am threatened with the consequences of my early indiscretion."

"The little actress?"

He nodded gloomily.

"She wrote to me when I returned, but I could not see my way to answer, so didn't. This seems to have made her very angry, and she says she is going to bring a breach-of-promise action. And she'll win hands down!" he added, with a groan. "She has simply packets of my letters, and all as warm as you can make 'em!"

"Now, do you see how I'm placed, Skeff?" he continued, miserably. "If she does this, my chances with the American girl are all up, and there'll be the devil to pay with the Mater! I've thought over the whole thing every way, and have come to the conclusion that you're the only man who can help me."

"Pon my word, it's monstrous kind of you, Dennis!" I said.

He clutched my arm eagerly.

"You're a man of the world, Skeff, and—pardon my way of putting it—you've got the gift of the gab. I want you to go to her and talk her out of it. Draw a picture of my being forced against my will into a hateful marriage, tell her that I've only consented so that the honour of the Southbrook name may be saved. Appeal to her better nature, anything—only get her to promise to let me off! You can do it, Skeff—you will do it?" he finished, imploringly.

I considered the dazzling proposition.

"If you will go this afternoon, Skeff, and do this, I shall be grateful all my life! Oh, Lord! there's the Mater, and she wants me too. Hang her!" he muttered, under his breath.

The Southbrook carriage had drawn up near us and her Ladyship was leaning forward.

"How do you do, Mr. Skeffington?" she said, distantly. A proper recognition of my sterling worth had never been a feature of her Ladyship's attitude towards me.

"Dennis, I want you particularly. I will drive you back," she added, in a tone that admitted of no denial.

The young scamp turned to me for a second and slipped a hand

into the inner pocket of his frock-coat. The next moment he had smuggled to me a crumpled envelope.

"Her address—I rely on you!" he whispered. And, with a final appealing glance, he sprang in beside his mother, and the carriage drove away.

I smoothed out the envelope and glanced at the address. I read: "Miss Effie Brenan, 5, Westbury Mansions, Hyde Park, W."

"I suppose he assumes that he has my promise," I murmured. "I may as well go. I've never tried to stave off a breach-of-promise case before, and it's nice to learn as much as possible. Yes, I'll do it now!"

Another quarter-of-an-hour, and I was standing before the door of No. 5, Westbury Mansions. A trim servant appeared on the threshold.

"Is Miss Brenan disengaged?" I asked, handing in my card. "I've called on a matter of business, and, if she could spare me a few minutes' conversation, I should feel grateful."

I was ushered into a prettily furnished drawing-room.

"The career of a young actress playing small parts in comedy would appear to be a profitable one," I reflected, my gaze resting on the handsome furniture.

The door opened and a young lady entered. I rose to my feet, and, as my eyes fell on her face, I dropped back a pace, in amazement. It was absurd, of course—a startling coincidence, what you like—but there was no doubt!

She was the little lady of La Turbie—my lost divinity!

She had recognised me, too, and came forward, smiling, with outstretched hand.

"So you have actually found us out at last?" she exclaimed. "You can't think how sorry mother was that she forgot to give you our address. It was unpardonable!"

I stood gazing at her in amazement. She seemed even prettier than my memory had painted her.

"And how did you discover us?" she asked, motioning me to a seat.

I pulled myself together with an effort.

"To be perfectly honest, it is a sheer accident. I had not the slightest idea that Miss Effie Brenan was you!"

I might have added that it was a distinct shock. Somehow, I had never thought of my divinity as a young actress threatening to sue a titled youth for breach of promise! There was an air of incongruity about the idea.

I saw a slightly puzzled look creep over her dainty forehead. I hesitated for a moment, then plunged into the object of my visit.

"It's rather a delicate matter, but, perhaps, I had better begin by explaining that I'm the oldest friend of Lord Dennis Gorison." I paused. "And I came at his request as—well, shall we say, a mediator?"

A tiny look of bewilderment crossed her face.

"A mediator—is one necessary?" she said.

"We are hoping so. You see, Dennis has told me everything, poor boy! How he fell very much in love with you before he went out to the War."

"Did he tell you that?" she said, quietly.

"Yes. And, by the way, he gave me a very accurate description of you," I continued, with a glance at her. "He said you were a charming, refined, talented young actress playing comedy parts in a

highly artistic manner." I did not remember his words, but they were doubtless to this effect. "And I think it very natural indeed that he should have fallen in love with you," I added, in a tone of conviction.

She gave a little, low laugh.

"His present attitude would seem to suggest that he has changed his mind?"

I prepared myself for my great effort on the boy's behalf.

"There is something greater than Love—and that is Duty," I said, solemnly.

I explained the sacrifice he was making, pleaded eloquently in his defence, drew a touching picture of his aged parents, to whom this marriage meant so much. She listened silently, with her face turned away from me.

"And the American girl—does he love her?" she asked, in a subdued voice, at the conclusion.

"Love! Think—a girl inclined to stoutness, with green eyes, and a twang you could cut with a knife! Love—after having met you!" I said, reproachfully.

I saw a little gleam come into her eyes.

"He'll marry her, be good to her, but he can never love her! It is just the usual vulgar exchange of dollars for title, brutal but necessary, and vital to the honour of the Southbrook name. There, I've put the whole case before you. He has had to make his sacrifice. I ask you to be generous, make one yourself, give him back his letters, let him off!"

"But it was a very good chance for me," she said, doubtfully.

"Oh, you will have others; you simply can't help it!" I said, eagerly.

She raised her head, and her eyes met mine.

"You think so?" she said, with a little blush. She looked perfectly ravishing, and for the moment I forgot myself.

"Why, to convince you," I cried, "I'll—"

I just saved myself in time. She was utterly charming, and, of course, my lost divinity, and I was as much in love with her as ever; but, still, I hadn't quite accustomed myself to the breach-of-promise idea.

"Well, to convince me, what?" she asked, with a smile. I hedged.

"Oh! that before many years pass you will have one," I said, vaguely. "Come, what do you say—will you be generous and let him off?" I caught a glimpse of a delicately shod foot. "I did my best to help you once. Won't you repay me?"

She gave a little laugh and held out her hand. "Very well, I promise—he shall be quite free as far as I'm concerned."

Her cool, firm, little hand pressed mine, and I felt a thrill go through me.

"You will never regret it!" I cried, warmly. "You'll find a man who will love you even better than Dennis, one with no family ties to consider—one, for instance, like—!"

I drew up just in time again. You see, I had been looking into her eyes, and, as I had told Mrs. Ventry, they were wonderful. But again the breach-of-promise scheme loomed up before me.

She laughed and accompanied me to the door herself.

"Well, now you have found us, you will come again, say, to-morrow, for tea? Mother does so want to thank you!"



The girl was climbing a rocky piece of ground.

"My Lost Divinity."

"I shall be delighted to oblige her," I said, with one last glance at her. "Good-bye, then, until to-morrow."

I tore myself away and walked back to my rooms. I had plenty of food for reflection on the way.

"After all, a divinity is a divinity, whether she threatens to bring breach-of-promise actions or not," I soliloquised. "And she didn't really mean it. Directly I pointed out the nature of the case, she was generosity itself! It was perfectly natural, too, her being angry. Any girl would have done the same—yes, any girl!" I repeated, reassuringly.

I reached my rooms and found a telegram awaiting me. I tore it open. It was from Dennis—

For Heaven's sake, don't go; in flurry gave you address of American instead of actress.—GORISON.

I dropped into a chair. The shock was too much for me.

"Jove!" I gasped, as the whole significance of the thing dawned on me. "She discovered the mistake almost immediately, and kept it up! What art!"

After all, my divinity wasn't an actress suing a titled youth for damages, but a beautiful, live American heiress! And a humorist into the bargain!

Still, there was Denny, and I had promised to do my best for the boy. I thought hard for a few moments, then came to a decision. I hurried out, and in a few minutes was back at Westbury Mansions.

I was again shown in, and the young person received me with her eyes twinkling with merriment.

"There has been a terrible mistake!" I began, lamely, showing her Denny's wire. "You see, he was trying not to let his mother notice him giving me the address," I added, in explanation.

"I somehow calc'lated there was a kind o' mistake," she said, with a horrible assumption of Transatlantic accent. Then she added gaily, "I'm afraid I can't oblige with the green eyes and the other personal advantage you attributed to me."

"Be merciful!" I implored, humbly. There was a pause. "I wonder what you are going to do?"

She laughed again.

"What I *have* done," she corrected. "I have kept my word. Directly you left, I sent a letter to him by hand. I don't think he will call again," she added, meaningly.

It was a very prompt divinity!

"You did that?" I cried.

She gave a little, smiling nod.

"Yes. I was never really keen on the 'usual vulgar exchange of dollars for title,'" she said, calmly.

"I think I must be becoming a classic, I'm so frequently quoted," I murmured. Then I looked at her.

"Is there absolutely no help for him?" I said, with an attempt to repress the quiver of excitement in my tone.

She shook her head most decidedly.

"No; the actress episode has quite decided me. And, somehow, I feel that, as you said, I shall never regret it. I must just wait in patience until that other man comes along," she added, demurely.

There was a pause. Then she turned her head and our eyes met.

"Do you know," I broke out, impulsively, "I shouldn't wonder if he hadn't started on the journey some time ago—?"

"Journey?" she said, interrogatively.

I plunged.

"Yes; the one that began at La Turbie—three months back," I stammered.

For an example of sheer, base ingratitude, however, I would just mention the sad case of Lord Dennis Gorison. He habitually refers to me as a "blundering idiot," and has expressed an opinion that he would not care two straws if he never saw me again.

And Lady Southbrook cuts me dead.

But it doesn't matter, bless you! I have found my divinity, and the other evening she whispered to me, quite privately, that I might keep her altogether.

And I ask—does anything else tot up to much?



"THE COQUETTE."

Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

C.G.



THOSE who thought (or have been led to think) that Mr. William Gillette would, after the end of his Lyceum season, and after the tour upon which he is now engaged, wend his way back to America, are, methinks, doomed to be pleasantly disappointed. At the moment of writing, I have good, nay, the very best, grounds

for stating that you may not only see Mr. Gillette returning to London to resume playing in "Sherlock Holmes," but also that you may find him playing it at the Shaftesbury, wherefrom "All on Account of Eliza" will ere long be shifted to another theatre. If the present pourparlers lead to anything, you may expect Mr. Gillette to start saying "That is my syst-em" at the Shaftesbury just before Coronation time.

Unless some special change, however, should be found necessary during Mr. Gillette's probable Shaftesbury season, you must not expect him to give his long-talked-of attempt at "Hamlet" there. In the first place, the Shaftesbury is scarcely the house for that



MISS AMY BETTELEY, ON TOUR WITH
"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

Photograph by Garraud, Santiago and Valparaiso.

tragedy, and, in the second place, Mr. Charles Frohman, who (as readers of the hoarding-placards will remember) "presents" Mr. Gillette, has arranged for that artistic actor to first play Hamlet in his native country, meaning, of course, not in Hamlet's, but Gillette's.

Speaking of American importations, that bold and breezy melodrama, "Arizona," was to have ended its London run at the Adelphi next Saturday night, in order to make room for Miss Olga Nethersole to present "Sapho" there on May 1. At the moment of going to press, however, I learn that arrangements have just been made whereby "Arizona" will be transferred anon to another West-End theatre.

The Eccentric Club's Annual Ladies' Afternoon, held in the Pompadour Room and Grand Hall of the Hôtel Cecil a few days ago, was the most successful yet given of these entertainments.

"The Princess's Nose," having—to use Mr. Rutland Barrington's now much-used phrase—"failed to attract," it will be withdrawn from the Duke of York's after next Saturday. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will, for the nonce, be replaced by Mr. Pinero, whose smart (and saucy) comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," will be revived a few nights later. Mr. John Hare has been prevailed upon to cancel certain of his touring dates in order to resume his original character. Mr. Hare's clever son, Gilbert, will again play "The Wreck," and Miss Irene Vanbrugh will repeat her finest impersonation up till now—namely, that of Sophie Fullgarney, the manicurist.

It was *The Sketch* that first announced, on Mr. Hall Caine's own authority, that he had prepared and had duly "copyrighted" a dramatisation of his latest powerful romance, "The Eternal City." Mr. Caine now informs me that, within the last few days, he has arranged that Mr. Beerbohm Tree shall produce this "Eternal City" drama. Mr. Tree thinks of producing this after his forthcoming grand revival of "Richard the Second."

Speaking of Mr. Hall Caine, his sister, Miss Lily Hall Caine (Mrs. George D. Day), has just arranged that Mr. Victor Widnell's new play, "A Woman of Impulse," which I described herein on its first production in Liverpool, shall be given a grand West-End setting by Mr. Frank Curzon in the autumn. In the meantime, this drama continues to be highly successful on the road.

Two very important theatrical events are due at the West-End next Saturday. The first in order of time is Messrs. Harrison and Maude's revival of "Caste," at the Haymarket, with the strong Company I have already mentioned. This interesting revival has now been timed for next Saturday afternoon, in order not to clash with that day's important fixture No. 2.

This important fixture is, of course, Sir Henry Irving's eagerly expected re-entry to the theatre for which he, when he was its responsible Manager, did so much, namely, the Lyceum. The rehearsals of "Faust" are, even at the time of writing, shaping splendidly, and a big first-night's reception may be confidently expected.

Those who want to see or to see again "A Country Mouse," which has been so warmly welcomed at the Prince of Wales's, must now seek that highly amusing play of Mr. Arthur Law's at the Criterion. Mr. Frank Curzon has just removed this piece to the last-named house in order to make room at the first-named house for Mr. Charles Hawtrey to make his welcome reappearance in the new play, called "The President," which is now due next Wednesday.

MISS AMY BETTELEY.

Endowed with beauty and brightness, Miss Amy Betteley is one of the most charming of the rising young actresses of the period, and quite deserves the compliment paid her by Mr. William Gillette in engaging her to play the part of Alice Faulkner for the last few nights of the run of "Sherlock Holmes" at the Lyceum and for his provincial tour. Miss Betteley is already a favourite in the provinces. She had the advantage of touring for two years with Mr. George Alexander's attractive St. James's Répertoire Company, playing with lady-like grace the parts assumed in town by Miss Fay Davis, whom she understudied at the St. James's Theatre. Miss Betteley more recently enhanced her histrionic ability by sustaining in prepossessing fashion the ingénue parts for a twelvemonth in Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's popular Company. At Her Majesty's, moreover, she was Miss Lily Hanbury's understudy as Lady Blessington in "The Last of the Dandies," and has been for the past few weeks appearing in Mr. Tree's magnificent production

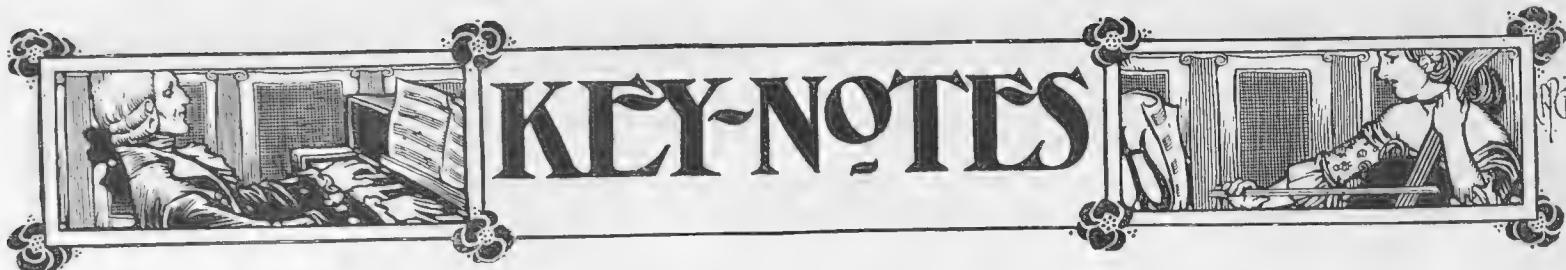


MR. F. JOYNSON POWELL AS "DR. NIKOLA," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

of "Ulysses," as one of the beauteous handmaidens who add a charm to certain scenes. *The Sketch* wishes Miss Amy Betteley a bright and prosperous future.

The photograph of Mr. Charles Hawtrey that appeared in our issue dated April 9 was taken by his secretary, Mr. Lyster Lyle.



THE London Ballad Concerts have been for a long time made the target of much unfriendly criticism, but I am inclined to think that a great deal of this bombardment is not really justified by anybody who takes a definite interest in the work furthered by Messrs. Boosey. On a recent Saturday, for example, at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of these encouragers of popular musical art, a concert was given which contained a great deal of musical work of the highest possible value. Such names as Handel and Elgar—for I dare to place the two men in combination—were among those which were included in the programme. Of all the singers, perhaps Mr. Robert Radford was the most interesting. He sang a Purcell song with quite an extraordinary effectiveness, and in the encore which he granted of that old song entitled "Twankydillo" he proved himself to be the possessor of a humorous capacity no less than of a fine vocal accomplishment.

While I happen to be occupied with this subject, I may mention the name of Madame Clara Butt, who sang a modern ballad of the simplest kind with so much emphasis that one might almost have thought that she was interpreting a work of classical significance. Here I am bound to say I find a certain matter for controversy with Madame Butt. She seems to take so little pains about her real talent, and relies so much upon the amazing voice which accident (or whatever you like to call it) has given to her, that one is naturally grieved to see so much capacity running to seed. She possesses capabilities far more than most critics are disposed to allow her. I myself remember when she first made her public appearance at the Lyceum in Gluck's "Orfeo"; then I conceived the highest estimate of her capabilities, only to see that estimate not exactly disappointed, but shown to be unworthy of its subject, simply because the singer will not take sufficient pains. Why Madame Clara Butt should continue to sing melodies of futile interest when she might sing songs (as once she did at the Norwich Festival) of the best quality is a mystery which is only known to such gods as, having nothing to do, sat around their famous table and awaited Eros.

Madame Lilian Blauvelt, whose singing at the Queen's Hall and elsewhere has been rightly and highly admired, is about to revisit London. In the gigantic Musical Festival which Mr. Robert Newman is arranging at that hall she will make her reappearance in the Metropolis. She has also been engaged for the Cardiff and Norwich Festivals; the latter is, of course, one of the most interesting and important of provincial functions. I understand that Madame Blauvelt purposes to remain in this country until the end of the present year.

Mr. Michel de Sicard, who has now completed his series of violin recitals at the St. James's Hall, is a player of extremely fine intelligence. He plays with a deftness which is altogether admirable, and his sense of tune betrays an ear which is exact to the last degree. One would not, perhaps, say that he was a really big player (or, at least, one would not say so just at the present moment), but he is so eminently satisfactory and he so abundantly knows how to regulate his playing, both in time and in tune, that one cannot withhold one's admiration from his really effective art. He is, perhaps, best in Mendelssohn, for, just as Mendelssohn seemed to have a certain sentiment for the not quite superficial things of the mind, so Mr. de Sicard appeals neither to the superficial understanding nor to the deeper emotions of artistic appreciation. To sum up, one would say, however, that, within a definite circle, he is a most marvellous player. It is true that he never seems to break bounds, that he never seems to

play the truant; even so, he strikes one as being eminently attractive, eminently engrossing. He is like the good boy at school who never does anything wrong and is always at the head of his class.

Messrs. Novello and Co. have just issued, in their "Village Organist Series," a book which is entitled "The Coronation Number." By some subtle sarcasm, there are printed, in succession, versions of the National Anthem arranged by Sir Frederick Bridge and by Sir Michael Costa. Sir Frederick Bridge's version, simple and restrained, is, of course, by far the better of the two; but there is a flamboyant operatic spirit about Sir Michael Costa's version which, newly brought to one's attention, distinctly impresses one as the outcome of spontaneous feeling. The anthem itself is not of any particular value; and whether Henry, Bridge, Sullivan, Costa, or anyone you please, chooses to set it in the form of a serious composition, the net result is exactly the same, to all intents and purposes. In the same issue, these publishers give to the world Mr. Edward German's Coronation March. Mr. German is so clever a composer and knows his work so thoroughly that it is almost impossible for him to do anything unworthy of the name of music; but one is bound to say that he is not quite at his best (may one add that he is altogether at his worst?) in this composition. Meyerbeer, the despised and rejected of musicians, ever since Wagner's famous Essay, wrote very much better music for the same kind of subject; and Mendelssohn, even in play, wrote a Wedding March which might easily have taken its place. Side by side with this work one notes Handel's March from "Scipio," which puts both that composition about which I have been speaking and Mr. Alfred Hollins's "King Edward's Coronation March" almost to shame. Handel's great and simple phrases seem in these days quite unsurpassable, as is proved from the "Bourrée" in F which is included in the same publication. One cannot help thinking that we need a composer who just at this period would fulfil musically the voice of the nation. All the names of the living musicians about whom I have spoken are honourable, and they will, doubtless, earn many honours in their day; but it is impossible to avoid some sentiment of regret that such a man, for example, as Arthur Sullivan was not spared to see a musical possibility which would have enlisted all his dearest sympathies.



MADAME LILIAN BLAUVELT, ENGAGED TO SING AT THE QUEEN'S HALL AND THE CARDIFF AND NORWICH FESTIVALS

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

Madame Calv   is surely one of the most extraordinarily versatile artists in the world. I scarcely dare to remember how many years ago it is since I first heard Calv   in Rome, in the part of Ofelia in Thomas's opera, "Amleto." The date runs back to not quite the late 'eighties. Then she was known only to a certain section of artistic admirers; but I shall never forget the applause which the Queen of Italy, leaning forward from her box, bestowed upon this singer. Now, I hear that Madame Calv  , after a career which would have satisfied most artists, embarks with much artistic and financial success upon the business of lecture-reciting. Of course, one has always known that Madame Calv   is a worker in many provinces outside those of pure song, and her entertainment now consists of the exposition in words and in music of French folk-song dating back as far as the thirteenth century. Messrs. Salignac and Gilibert have assisted her in an entertainment which must assuredly have been one of extreme interest. Calv   is nothing if not clever, and now and then her cleverness amounts almost to the topmost heights of interpretative genius. Her only dramatic drawback is that, in acting parts which are not ecstatically beautiful, she makes them impossible by appearing to her best advantage. More need not be said, for her "best advantage" is well known.

COMMON CHORD,

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

An Impossible Tour—The Voice of the Cuckoo—A Glorious Country—Sign-Posts—The Uninformed Yokel—Charges—Cyclists' Sunday Train.

Time to light up : Wednesday, April 23, 8.7 ; Thursday, 8.9 ; Friday, 8.10 ; Saturday, 8.12 ; Sunday, 8.14 ; Monday, 8.15 ; Tuesday, 8.17.

It is stated that four enthusiastic motorists—two Englishmen, Lord Harry Cavendish and Mr. Jack Harvey, and two Frenchmen, MM. Lehewess and Max Cudell—are about to set out on a tour round the world on an automobile, the "Passe-Partout" ("Go-Everywhere"). It is driven by a 20 horse-power motor, weighs three tons, and is to carry an equipment that would serve a Polar expedition. I would be sorry to damp the enthusiasm of this ardent quartet, but, were I a betting-man, I would lay a thousand to a hundred it can't be done. And, on the matter of roads, I probably know more about them in Russia, Siberia, China, and America than the average wheelman. For thousands of miles they are rather like the often-quoted snakes in Iceland—there ain't none. The "Passe-Partout" won't get to the Urals, far less China.

I was interested, on taking up an evening paper the other day, to read that the cuckoo had not yet arrived in England, and that it was the harshness of our spring that had kept it away. Well, a week last Sunday, when I was lying in the corner of a primrose-decked copse down on the borderland between Surrey and Sussex, I heard the cuckoo half-a-dozen times. I don't suppose I was the first man to hear it; but, still, there was a little glow of satisfaction at knowing it was in the country when authorities imagined it was not. That is one of the delights of wheeling. In an hour or two we can whisk into the most lovely spots. With a couple of friends, that week-end I spent a delightful time roaming this most beautiful corner of our beautiful land; dawdling Dorking-wards, thence down to Shere, with tea in an old-fashioned inn possessing a huge, old-fashioned fireplace, and giving evidence it is a favourite haunt of artists by the really admirable paintings on the walls.

Everything was so beautiful and peaceful, and from the hillsides the eye ranged away to pinky, misty distances. One might have been a couple of hundred miles from London, instead of only an hour's distance or so by rail. Few folks evidently go that way from Shere to Cranleigh, for the road-side and the little copses by the way were full of primroses and violets. We dawdled till almost dark, gathering more than we could well carry, and then slipped to Cranleigh, where we took our ease for the night at the local inn. Sunday was spent in a delicious dawdle—riding a few miles, getting off whenever there was a pretty piece to be admired, sitting under trees, smoking and chatting; then making a sweep through pretty Ockley to Horsham for lunch, and then another dawdle to the east of Horsham, where again the country was charming and flower-decked, and back to Horsham in time for tea and to catch a London train to town. Anybody who knows the district will appreciate the mileage we covered those two days was not great. It was, however, more enjoyable than if we had knocked up eighty miles a-day, and we came home with a touch of the sun on our cheeks and ready for another week's work.

There were one or two things that again forced themselves on my attention. The roads are, as a rule, admirably supplied with sign-posts. But why are the directions painted only on one side? Often you come across a sign-post, but a white board faces you, and you must get round to the other side to find out your particular direction. This, in a narrow lane, frequently causes one to unnecessarily dismount. It is a small matter, but when a tourist is zigzagging about a country off the main-road, and he has to get off his wheel two or three times, he begins to feel that he might have been saved this trouble. Of course, local people who have influence with the authorities that put

up these posts have no need for the directions, and, therefore, they do not badger "the powers that be" to have names painted on both sides, and the flying tourist, who won't be likely to come back to that neighbourhood for another few months, does not think it worth while to write and make the suggestion. This is a matter, however, I know touring cyclists would like to see remedied.

On the Sunday afternoon, my friends and myself, wanting to avoid the Brighton road, with its clattering, bullying, aggressive, stenching motor-cars, struck for by-lanes, knowing they would be neglected by the motorist and the "speed-boy," and therefore be agreeable for a Sunday afternoon jaunt. "Where does this road lead to?" I asked a cyclist I met at a lane-corner. "I don't know," he said. "Oh!" I remarked, "I suppose you are like myself, a stranger just round here?" "No," he answered; "I live close by, but I never cycle except on the main-roads." What a lot of enjoyment that man must miss! Fancy a cyclist living in a district and not knowing where the neighbouring road went! Just out of curiosity, as we sauntered along, I stopped a couple of pedestrians and put the same inquiry to them as to where the road led. Neither of them knew.

How often it is one finds that local folks are wholly ignorant of their own locality! This does not apply only to Surrey and Sussex, but it applies to all parts of the country. Not long ago, I was on a main-road in the North. I was not quite certain if my direction was correct, and so I stopped at a cottage by the wayside and asked a woman if I was on the proper road to So-and-So. "I don't know," she replied. "Where does this road lead to?" I asked. "I don't know," was again her answer. She had lived for a number of years in this cottage on the main-road between two towns, and yet she knew little or nothing of the district.

And, then, as to hotel-charges. What differences there are! At Shere, on Saturday afternoon, we got a simple tea—tea, bread-and-butter—for sixpence a-head. It was ridiculously cheap. On Sunday afternoon, we had tea at another place, by no means so good and no more bread-and-butter, the charge being eighteen-pence per head. At Cranleigh, we paid nothing for the storage of our bicycles except

a few coppers' tip to the ostler. At Horsham, where we had lunch, not only was that rather irritating ninepence for attendance stuck on the bill (which always disposes me to grumble and which I would rather pay by having an extra threepence charged for my lunch), but there was ninepence on the bill for the three bicycles having stood for three-quarters of an hour in a not over-clean stable. I do not mind paying a legitimate charge, but I think ninepence was a little stiff to pay for the care of three bicycles for less than an hour.

We came back to town by the London and Brighton Company's special cyclists' train, one of the most splendid of innovations, and, if it were not for the fact that I gave up writing poetry some years ago, I would certainly be disposed to indite verses in praise of the train, which each Sunday runs out of Victoria for a pretty part of Surrey or Sussex. I was sorry, however, to notice that there were comparatively few cyclists travelling. The day was beautiful, balmy and blue-skied, so there was practically no excuse for wheelmen staying in London. I frequently have a dread this train may be ceased. If it is, cyclists will have only themselves to blame.

J. F. F.



MISS ZENA DARE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Epsom. There is no doubt about it, the Epsom Meeting is one of the most attractive held in England. The Spring fixture is not up to the standard of the Summer Meeting, but the Great Metropolitan and the City and Suburban are capital races, and they attract plenty of speculators. I hope to see that good horse, Volodyovski, win the City and Suburban, although there are others. Epsom Lad, before he was off-colour, was backed by some of the shrewdest punters in England, and The Solicitor, who, if started, will be ably handled by J. Reiff, will be well backed. Dwellers in the Town of Salts think that Australian Star cannot be beaten, and I hear many of the Metropolitan police fancy this horse. Down Wiltshire way, they are mad on Dundonald. He has had one of Darling's champion preparations, and, on the Sandown running, he ought not to be far behind "Volly." According to my reading, Epsom Lad will run better at Kempton. Mr. Stedall, of mantle fame, has a high opinion of First Principal, and it should be noted that the Freemasons improve with age. However, I shall plump for Volodyovski, and I hope Dundonald will run into a place. In the Hyde Park Plate I shall stand on Skyscraper, who met a warm'un in Dunover colt. I think the Brocklesby Stakes form will work out well, seeing that Girton Girl won cleverly at Newmarket. The last-named will, I think, turn into a good filly. Sir Blundell Maple expected her to win at Lincoln, but she got badly off. Known rogues should be followed for the sprint races at Epsom, for history tells us that unreliable animals always act well down the hill.

The majority of racegoers welcome the election of the Earl of Durham to a Stewardship of the Jockey Club. His Lordship is outspoken, fearless, and a terror to evil-doers. Lord Durham has been a pillar of the Turf for many years. He has not met with the best of luck with his horses, but he has manfully stuck to his guns, while many other noblemen and gentlemen who began owning at the same time as Lord Durham have long since retired from the Turf. Lord Durham made an able Chairman of the Lords' Committee on Betting, and, although he might easily have been over-partial, he approached the whole business with an open mind, for which he deserves the thanks of sportsmen and laymen alike. Lord Durham's latest reform was the attempt to abolish assumed names at racing. The resolution was lost, after a tie, by the casting-vote of the President, but I shall be surprised if it is not passed at the next time of asking, as, I understand,

the rule has been abused by people who are anxious to hide their identity for betting purposes. Although I must plead guilty to having registered my *nom-de-course* for many years past under National Hunt Rules, I should be one of the first to welcome the rescinding of the rule if it could be proved that the Turf would benefit by it. Lord Durham, by-the-bye, does not attack any corner-stone without rhyme or reason, and it can be taken for granted that he knows something. For the life of me, I cannot see why so many horses are running just now under National Hunt Rules in ladies' names. It is, however, pleasant to know that so many trainers' wives and other ladies are sufficiently rich to be able to keep racehorses.

The terrible accident which took place at the Glasgow football-match has struck terror into many racegoers, and I propose that an Inspector of Stands be appointed by the Jockey Club to reassure the frightened ones. A competent Civil Engineer should be appointed to report on every big stand, without a single exception, and his certificates should be published in the sporting papers. The accident that happened at the Paisley Race Meeting last year was a very serious one. To prevent is better than to cure, and, what is more, it is less expensive, for the law often makes the builders and proprietors of stands pay dearly after an accident has happened. I do not know of a single race-stand that is not perfectly safe. The Grand Stands at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Kempton, and Alexandra Park are very substantial buildings. There may be at some of the little meetings stands with unsafe foundations. These should be discovered and, if need be, condemned, as I am convinced no Turf senator or official would willingly see the innocent pleasure-seekers suffer at any time. Generally speaking, the racecourse officials pay a devoted attention to the stands and rings.

CAPTAIN COE.



GEORGES HACKENSCHMIDT, THE CHAMPION WRESTLER OF THE WORLD, NOW APPEARING AT THE TIVOLI.

Photograph by Folsham and Bansfield, Wigmore Street, W.

"THE RUSSIAN LION."

The nightly wrestling bouts at the Tivoli continue to attract large audiences to the music-ball in the Strand. Here Georges Hackenschmidt, "The Russian Lion," and five other Continental wrestlers appear nightly, and every movement of the contestants is keenly watched by the audience. Hackenschmidt and his colleagues present some fresh feature every evening, and, as there is a constant change of opponents, interest never flags. "The Russian Lion" challenges the world in the Græco-Roman style of wrestling, and whether his claim to be Champion be admitted or not, there is no doubt whatever that he is a most accomplished wrestler and a man of enormous strength and agility.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

A LITTLE French Countess who, like all her countrywomen, understands the "true inwardness" of *chic* to a nicety, passed some days in this grimy-coloured Capital last week, and, being anxious to note the attitude of the English Clubwoman *chez elle*, spent an afternoon with a member of a certain distinguished and well-known

*[Copyright.]*

GOWN OF PALE-GREEN CLOTH WITH HEM-STITCHING OF BLACK.

Cercle in Dover Street. Two things struck her funnily—the intense solemnity of the members and the surprises of their hats. "C'est magnifique!" she observed, with her pince-nez directed at the roomful of fashionably dressed persons. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la Mode"; and, as a matter of fact, our island millinery does sadly seem to lack the divine afflatus which characterises and is the special prerogative of the Parisian hat-maker. We are either hopelessly behind the mode or in a frantic exaggeration of the same. Those long streamers, for example, which decorate the flat hat of the present so obviously and inevitably in England are not visible in Paris. A tiny knot of velvet or ribbon at the back depends from the hat, it is true, and nestles on the hair; but the wind-swept whirligigs of velvet ribbon that reach to the shoulders, sometimes even farther south, are entirely *démodé* in the land of Lutetia. The golden mean is the essence of all art, and exaggeration inevitably develops into caricature. It seems to need the dainty touch of the Frenchwoman to stop short where the blundering British milliner goes fearlessly and fearsomely ahead, succeeding too frequently in producing those depressing erections of over-trimmed headgear which air their clumsy graces in the average Saxon shop-window.

Of fawn-coloured straws I saw a great number, in all varieties and shades, when in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Paix lately. One that had been made for the Czarina, and which was being despatched to Russia, in company with half-a-dozen others, was of very light fawn-coloured straw, trimmed with a pale shade of pink taffetas

ribbon, which was edged with white panne cut on the cross. A large buckle, composed of small pink roses and green leaves, had a very dainty effect. Behind it stood up two tassel-like tufts of real lace. Another hat in the group was of white Irish guipure, with a smartly draped black velvet brim, large black plumes, a Louis Quinze bow of black velvet, and one of the new bosses done in real pearls and emeralds. Another was built in the plateau shape, of black-and-white fancy straw, wreathed with the loveliest velvet geraniums, shaded from darkest ruby to a pinkish cream. The flowers were swathed in black silk tulle, and two choux of the same material, with black-and-white aigrettes, stood up at the back. The Empress is fond of white, and a smart hat of Irish guipure in a large toque-shape was intermixed with white tucked mouseline, and finished with pearl ornaments and white aigrettes. Chalk-coloured cloth—which verges on white and pale-grey, yet cannot be classed as either—is one of the coming tones of the season. All kinds of biscuit- and putty-colour will also appear, while cloud-coloured greys seem to have a great vogue over here, two of the smart weddings which took place within the last fortnight being noticeable for the number of guests who appeared in the soft grey that was once known as "Quaker's Colour."

Every spring, as regularly as the primroses, French fashion-makers re-introduce the little black-and-white check once known as "Shepherd's Plaid," as well as the larger checks dear to the Gallic constitution, and I have just seen a little French model from Dousset of black-and-white check material, the skirt being treated to a shaped frill ornamented with black silk braid and strappings of bright cerise taffetas. The smart little bolero, fastened with coral buttons, completed a costume which was quite captivatingly smart and an

*[Copyright.]*

GOWN OF WHITE SILK WITH BLACK LACE AND VELVET.

object-lesson also in the way of treating black-and-white checks. The new sleeves, which now dominate all others as Fashion's favourites at Monte Carlo, seem, so far, to have escaped transportation to London. Madame Melba, when staying at the "Hermitage," had several of her gowns made with the large sleeves in question, and

I noticed how admirably they suited a tall woman inclined to robustness. They are gauged or gathered from the shoulder almost to the elbow. The gauging is finished in three points, and from the elbow the sleeve flows out in a very long, graceful drapery, being drawn up again at the wrist in a gauged or lace cuff. They should be made only in gauzes or materials of similar lightness, however, as in cloth or silk they lose effect. Dresses composed entirely of lace, over white or a colour, with one dominant note in the draped silken waist-belt, are considered the most elegant of all others, as they are decidedly the most becoming, and women who can afford them will, no doubt, indulge freely in these luxuries this summer. But, though we may buy ourselves new spring frocks of the uttermost magnificence, we cannot always order our complexions to match these glories, and, when the east wind attacks our hardly treated cuticle, its irritating politics can be best confounded by a course of "Rowlands' Kalydor," which is, indeed, an invaluable solace in such times of trial. The recipe, originally discovered in Asia Minor, has a world-wide vogue, and I am reminded to impress its merits anew on this generation by reason of our recent uncomfortable visitation of north-east winds, which are as deleterious to the skin as "Rowlands' Kalydor" is beneficial. There is, moreover, nothing injurious in this healing preparation, which is an extract of balsamic exotics specially cultivated by the makers for the purpose of its production.

Admiring owners of infants will doubtless rejoice to know that their progeny may be fattened and fed with advantage on the nursery-biscuits produced by that benefactor of babies, Alexander Robb and Co.; and mothers, moreover, with a fondness for following the chronicles of Royalty will doubtless receive much gratifying consolation from the fact that the Royal babes of the last four generations, including our present Royalties, down to the Princess of Wales's and the Duchess of Fife's infants, have received their nutriment from the incomparable Robb. Besides infants, invalids are embarked on a career of convalescence by the aid of Robb's biscuits, which contain much nutriment and are easily assimilated.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. T. C. ROVEZZANO (Florence).—I regret that you have had to wait for the address of the artist who makes high theatre-frocks, but I have been abroad. The name is "Impey," 313, Regent Street, near the Langham. Madame Impey will design any style you like. You will find her both original and extremely smart.

HOUSEKEEPER (Totnes).—I see no reason why your cheeses should not find a market in London. The "St. Ivel," which is made at Yeovil by Aplin Barratt, has already a great vogue with gourmets in London. It is also made by the Western Counties Creameries, Limited, and arrives perfectly fresh and in good condition. You might try the "Stores," to start with.

SYBIL.

PICTURES AND PAINTERS.

WHEN this is published, the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy will have concluded their task, and the Hanging Committee, consisting this year of Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Woods, Mr. Prinsep, and Mr. Davis, will be entering on their duties. The mass of pictures to be dealt with is greater than ever—for, thanks to Government and other schools, artists multiply even when buyers diminish—and it must inevitably happen that many meritorious pictures will be rejected, not only because the momentary glimpse accorded to them by the jaded eyes of the Committee is insufficient for the discernment of the subtler manifestations of art, but also for the reason that more works are invariably left to the tender mercies of the Hanging Committee than they can possibly find room for. It is noteworthy that, with the increase of pictures sent in, the volume of absolute rubbish tends to decrease. But it must be acknowledged that mediocrity is more rampant than ever.

On the whole, painters who are content to display their efforts at the minor exhibitions have an advantage over those who send to the Academy. Not the least inducement offered by the smaller galleries is the fact that there is an ingenious and ingratiating dealer to push the exhibitor's wares. And, perhaps, there are not a few who think it better to sell a picture in April (even at a comparatively low figure, when the commission is deducted) than to take all the exciting chances of glory and disappointment that appertain to Burlington House. It is remarkable, by the way, how well pictures have been selling of late, and there are those who ascribe the happy circumstance to the presence of a number of rich Americans in London. There will be more before the Coronation celebrations are over, not to mention other visitors, and there is some reason to hope that artists will derive no less benefit than others from the historic occasion.

There are few artists in the enviable position of Mr. Tom Simpson, who is now showing an admirable collection of water-colours, representing the landscape scenery of East Anglia, at the Modern Gallery, for he can pursue the elusive joys of art without anxiety as to whether his pictures find purchasers or not. Consequently, he can afford to disdain the niggling "finish" that commends itself to so many dealers and amateurs. His works convey the impression of having been executed in a happy moment, and they show much of the true water-colour spirit, being fresh, broad, and liquid—indeed, it seems to be his ambition to avoid touching any part of his work more than once. This ambition is in some cases very nearly realised, and there is also to be noted a nice observation of atmosphere—especially in the more vivacious moods of Nature. I am not surprised that Mr. Simpson should be puzzled by bluebells; few things can tantalise

the artist more. The "touch of Nature" is observable in most of the works, slight as they generally are.

No doubt, the Dowdeswell Galleries will be an attraction to picture-lovers, since the great canvas, "Christ and the Little Ones," is a really exceptional work that, by its rich colour and powerful effect, recalls the methods of the old Venetians. The artist, Mr. Thomas Mostyn, is fairly well known in Manchester, but is unfamiliar to Londoners. He has proved himself capable of unusual grandeur of conception, and also of detaching himself from the modern *plein-air* school and reverting to the imaginative colour-schemes of the old Masters. The white robe of the Saviour shimmers in the highest light and contrasts with the warmth of colour in the surrounding group of children. I think it would have been advantageous to put some of the heads in shadow, for the many brilliant spots formed by the faces are somewhat bewildering; but the work, as a whole, is forcible and noteworthy. In the same galleries is an exhibition of oil and water-colour landscapes, entirely modern and often very charming in conception and technique, by Mr. Montague Smith.

The unique series of negatives comprising the work of over thirty years' artistic devotion to photography by Mr. Van der Weyde, late of Regent Street, has been purchased by Messrs. Langfier, of 23A, Old Bond Street. The series comprises between forty and fifty thousand negatives in perfect preservation, and may be said to form a complete pictorial record of the latter years of the nineteenth century. From the Royal Family downwards, everyone who figured prominently in the eventful doings of the Victorian era is represented.

Messrs. Kinahan and Co., Limited, have just been honoured with the Royal Warrant as purveyors of Irish whisky to His Majesty. For many years this famous firm held a similar position to Her late Majesty, and the only Irish whisky used on board the *Ophir* during the Imperial tour was "Kinahan's." The "LL" Whisky is a pleasant and agreeable blend, the produce of the finest Pot Stills in Ireland, and is a general favourite with connoisseurs. It is well matured, having an average age of over seven years, and is pure and unadulterated.

At the London Salon Culinaire, thirteenth Exhibition of International Cookery, held at the Royal Albert Hall on March 19, 20, and 21, 1902, this £100 Challenge Cup was awarded, with Gold Medal, to the Hôtel Cecil (*Maitre Chef*, M. Coste; Manager, A. Judah) as Championship Prize for the best collective cookery exhibit. The



CHALLENGE CUP AWARDED TO THE HOTEL CECIL FOR THE BEST COLLECTIVE COOKERY EXHIBIT AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

second prize of a Silver Medal was awarded to the Carlton Hotel (*Maitre Chef*, M. Escoffier). The Exhibition was opened by Lady Wimborne, who was received by the President, Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, accompanied by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Duchess of Wellington.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 12.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE Budget has, to a great extent, cleared the field, and we at least know where we are as to taxation for the next twelve months. In the City the majority of people grumble more at the additional tax upon cheques than at the other new features. We can hardly believe Sir Michael will persist in it, for most people have got so accustomed to keeping no private accounts and paying everything by cheque that the greatest inconvenience will be caused by doubling the charge upon the piece of paper which does duty for cash in four out of every five payments. However strong a Government may be, it is folly to impose taxation which will be a continual and everlasting blister to its supporters, and however hard-hearted—in ordinary life it would be called foolhardy—the Chancellor may be, surely some of his colleagues will have enough sense to drive an idea of self-preservation into his head. As to the increased income-tax, everybody expected it, and, as a jobber remarked, "we shall just have to cut our incomes down" to meet it.

We said last week that increased taxation and large borrowing were inevitable, and so it has proved. The new issue of Consols has been largely over-subscribed, so that it seems a pity half of it was placed before the investor got his chance. We feel sure that, if the British Public had been given the chance of tendering for the whole loan, there would have been no need to give away about 15s. per cent. to a clique of American and other millionaires. The difference in the amount received would have paid the bill for the scandalous remounts, and a large part of the other bad War Office contracts.

CHEAP COLONIALS.

Last week, we referred to two peculiarities of Colonial securities which it was worth while for investors to consider, and we promised this week to return to the subject. Our remarks about "Bearer" bonds appear to have excited the interest of our readers, for two correspondents ask us if there is any way in which they can hold them without the slightest fear of being robbed.

Our own plan is to deposit all our "Bearer" bonds with our bankers, and to keep a standing loan of £1 upon the lot. If at any moment we wish to borrow more, the bankers are only too delighted to advance at $\frac{1}{2}$ over bank rate about 95 per cent. of the face-values, and meanwhile collect the coupons, and are *legally responsible* to us for the safe custody of the bonds. If a customer deposits with his bankers bonds only for *safe custody*, it is doubtful as to how far the Bank is liable for taking care of the same, provided reasonable precautions against theft are taken; but, if the customer deposits the same thing as a pledge for an advance, however small, there is no doubt that the Bank is responsible for the safe custody of the thing pledged. By the plan we suggest, "Bearer" bonds are actually safer to hold—as they are admittedly far more convenient—than Inscribed stock, always supposing you deal with reputable and responsible bankers.

We pointed out also that short-dated bonds are generally cheaper than those which have a number of years to run, but the difficulty is to buy short-dated bonds at the quoted prices. This sort of security is such a favourite with jobbers in the Colonial Market that no sooner is a line offered for sale than it is locked up in the strong-box of the first jobber to whom it is offered.

New Zealand Consols, paying 5 per cent. and being redeemed by annual drawings at par, are quoted at 100 to 102, but we have been vainly trying to buy a small lot for several weeks, and the same remark applies to Fijian 4½ per cent. bonds, called nominally 99 to 101. What can an investor want better than Cape 4 per cent. bonds with four months' accrued interest (redeemable by annual drawings) at 101½? Allowing for accrued interest, the buyer is paying about par, and stands the chance of getting 4 per cent. on his money for several years. Ceylon bonds, of which £631,000 are still outstanding at 102-104, are always very good, and South Australian 4 per cent. bonds, repayable in 1916, and not before, at 104-106, appear cheap enough.

There are heaps of other bargains to be picked up by a little patient trouble, and, if any of our readers want this sort of gilt-edged security, we advise them to get an official list and give their broker a wide discretion both in time of purchases and security. To pick up a bargain a man can afford to wait a few weeks, and it does not much matter whether he gets the bonds of South Australia or Queensland, Ceylon or Trinidad. They are all good enough for ordinary mortals.

KAFFIRS IN THE INTERVAL.

For the Stock Exchange to be accused of childishness is nothing new, and the Kaffir Circus can hardly feel hurt at a fresh raking-up of

the charge. It is said that the South African Market must have everything it wants, and that *tout suite*; otherwise, it gives way to fits of sulky depression. The recession in prices owing to the delay in the peace negotiations is pointed out as the latest example of its juvenile mind. It seems hardly necessary to reply that the failure of peace negotiations to mature within five minutes had comparatively slight effect, when it is remembered the height to which Kaffir prices have attained. Undeniably, Kaffirs are valued within a fraction of their intrinsic value, judged by all the old standards to which we are accustomed to appeal—dividend chances, length of life, and so forth. Only, the thing is that a quite new set of elements has entered into the position, and, while the advantages to be derived from British rule are possibly exaggerated, that they will be very great is assured. And so people buy Kaffirs; rightly enough, so long as they stick to the better class of shares and eschew the rubbish which is so flaringly offered them through certain financial and other newspapers which are a disgrace to their profession. Concerning "Gold" shares proper, the heavy quotations are a drawback to speculation, since the expenses of buying, selling, and carrying over are too heavy to admit of that speculative activity which is as life itself to such shares as Randfontein, Chartered, and the cheaper class generally. East Rands, although at a big figure, will pay to buy—will pay still better to take up, since the buyer can, in the latter event, lock them up and wait for £12 a-share without troubling about differences and without paying 8 per cent. for contango accommodation. In the cheaper list, besides the shares recently suggested as good gambles, we may add Randfontein and Anglo-French. Randfontein can be bought at less than the figure (3½) at which new shares were offered to proprietors as a sort of bonus only a few weeks ago. Anglos rejoice in having a remarkably liquid market, in a list of shareholdings excellently chosen, in being dividend shares, and in having the support of one of the most powerful "big houses" at their back.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

It was Saturday afternoon, and The Stroller, who had been to see the Colonial Exhibition at the Royal Exchange, passed into Throgmorton Street. His mental vision was full of mingled bioscopes, bottles of cereals, wooden bars of gold, stagantlers, composition apples, and Borneo doyleys; so it was with something of a shock that he heard two gentlemen talking about such an ordinary commodity as Consols.

"S'pose they will go better after this, eh?" suggested one of them. "Government can't want to borrow any more money for months to come, and now people will have a chance to digest some of the enormous quantities of investment stocks that there are lying around."

The other looked at him critically. Apparently satisfied with the result of his observation, he rejoined—

"I can't say I am particularly keen on Consols myself, although I admit the justice of what you've been trying to say. Perhaps, on the whole, I'd rather be a bull of Goschens than a bear."

"Of course! And aren't Consols safe for par within a year?"

"They may be," said the other, abstractedly. "But you must not forget that the interest drops to 2½ per cent. next year, and, with the income-tax at fifteenpence in the pound, the dividend works out to only 2½ per cent. D'you mean to say that people will buy Consols to pay them less than fifty shillings per cent?"

"They did before."

"But, my dear chap, the Sinking Fund, and the Post Office and an abnormally low Bank Rate accounted for that. Those were the fat years; these are the lean."

"Still, Goschens are not at par, and what I maintain is that they're cheap enough at 94."

"Possibly, my dear sir; possibly," returned the other, with immense condescension. "Better put your trustee money into something that pays you better and has more chance of a rise than Consols."

"For instance?"

"Well, India stocks, if you want the gildest-edged securities, or—"

"Colonial things?"

"Some of them are excellent, and you can desire nothing better. Say when."

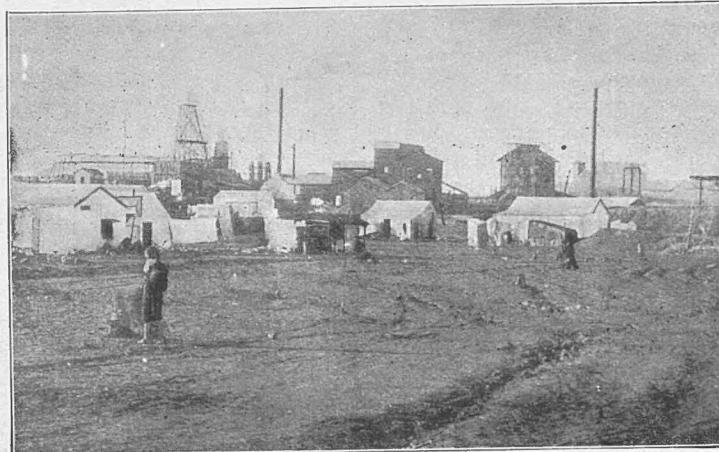
The Stroller had followed the pair into Goodwyn's. He perched on a high stool and listened to the general talk, sipping his wine the while.

"What a fool Buller is!" exclaimed one member of a party.

"Buller's not the only one," remarked a second.

"Don't be personal," pursued Number One, complacently. He looked round with some surprise as the others laughed. "What's the joke, you fellows? Are you all bulls of Louisville?"

"The Yankee Market beats me altogether," confessed one who had



HANNAN'S BROWN HILL.

not spoken. "The beauty of it is that everything looks as though it were going a sight better, too."

"Artificial to the core," dogmatised another.

"That's no reason why one shouldn't make money out of it. If the Yanks are going to corner their Railway shares one after another, I'm hanged if I don't think the Union tip isn't the best in the market."

"Unions will certainly improve," declared the Dogmatic.

"And Missouris amongst the rubbish," chimed in the first speaker.

"I am still prepared to back Canadas for a five-dollar rise, aren't you?"

"H'm! I can't help thinking that Canadas at 126 are on the way to high enough. They may go over it, but——," and he shook his head doubtfully.

"There's no particular fall in them, though, as far as I can see."

"Nor in Grand Trunks either. I believe you can buy Trunk Seconds on any bad traffic with perfect confidence."

"But why on a bad traffic?"

"Because it is then they are cheap. The public rushes in to buy Trunks on a good take, when the market puts up the stocks in anticipation, and in the afternoon of a good traffic day you will see prices ease off nine times out of ten. Buy Trunks on a bad traffic and sell them on a good one, that's what I say!"

"You'd get pretty badly left, in the long run, my friend," laughed another.

"Not a bit of it! You take my tip, and—— Got half-a-crown with you? Never mind the change! I'm off home now, and if you are going to take a cab, I don't mind filling up the vacant seat for you. Come on!"

The Stranger paid his bill, engrossed in thought. "I've a good mind to try his system for speculating in Trunks," he murmured, half-aloud, as he stood in the street once more.

"See you at the Golf Club to-morrow, then," said a voice at his side. "So long for the present. Oh! but here's your Clayton and Shuttleworth report. I mustn't run away with that precious document."

"I've used up all my ordinary adjectives," his friend replied. "For a magnificent business such as the prospectus showed theirs to be, to come down to 2 per cent. on the Ordinary shares is—— As I said before, my adjectives are all used up."

"I heard old—— talking about it in the House to-day."

"What did he say?" inquired the other, with interest.

"Only that in such trades as Clayton and Shuttleworth's, the business is subject to very violent fluctuations. And he told us that there was an unexpected blow, at the last moment, in connection with the Company's business in Vienna."

"Does he hold out any hope for the future? I've got five hundred too many of the unspeakable things."

"He says—and he ought to know, of course—that, in spite of his utter disgust and astonishment at the report, he firmly believes another year will see the profits at least equal the prospectus estimate."

"Which was, that the Ordinary shares could make fairly sure of 8 per cent., at any rate."

"That's so. Better keep your five hundred. I have half a mind to buy some for myself."

The Stranger retired into a convenient doorway and wrote down "Clayton and Shuttleworth" in his note-book. Then he turned to look for the Kaffir Circus.

It was deserted. "'Ere y'are, sir!" yelled the three newspaper-boys in possession of the spot sacred to South Africans. "'Ere y'are! Two-fifty reesult!"

"My two-thirty result is missing Kaffir tips," soliloquised The Stroller. "That's the worst of giving way to strong drink. Ah me!" And he turned his steps wearily Westward.

Saturday, April 19, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. R. Y. B. W.—These people are common touts who do paper bargains with you. If you deal with them, you are sure to lose your money. Put their adviser in the wastepaper-basket.

INVESTOR AND P. A.—See this week's "Notes."

CHOSE.—We do not advise you to touch the shares at any price. For months we have been advising correspondents to leave the Company alone.

GREEN.—Nobdy but a fool would say to what price the shares might go if Peace came. All the concerns have great possibilities, especially Nos. 2, 3, and 5. Take a fair profit as soon as you can if the pending negotiations bring about a settlement, and if not, hold on till the end comes. No. 6 and 7 are probably, on pure merits, the worst of your lot.

ANTI.—(1) Don't be alarmed about your Gas stock. It is a good, solid investment which you should stick to. (2) See this week's "Notes." We can add nothing to the advice there given.

MERCIA.—The Carriage Company we do not care for. Both Breads and Sweets are speculative investments. Your last suggestion is the best. You will notice that we return to the subject this week.

SCOT.—East Rand and Rand Mines as speculations; City and Suburban, Henry Nourse, and Heriot as investments; and Langlaagte Estate, New Primrose, and Angelo Deep as between the two.

REX.—I. (a) An excellent security; (b) is good, but not so first-class, and (c) is fair. 2. British Westinghouse and Calcutta Tramways shares.

OUR HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.

A PAIR OF SIGNED ARTIST'S PROOFS FOR ONE GUINEA.



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